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THE ENCLOSED COMMON.

WELL done? Oh, I suppose so. 'Mid the
gorse
And long green rushes no rich crops could
grow;
It scarcely kept my poor old cow and horse,
The short dry grass among the sand, I know.
There was no timber in the belt of firs
That stood, all bowing westward, on the hill;
Yet when the east wind from his slumber stirs,
You'll live to miss their kindly shelter still.

And my old hut — thick-tangled with the briar,
That with its thousand roses climbed and
clung;
Its thatch, with all its creeping blooms afire,
And the deep porch we loved when we were
young;
'Tis better down. The trim red buildings
there
Keep wind and wet out, as it never did;
Their walls may look a trifle cold and bare,
But then no nests beneath their eaves are hid.

We're all for use and profit now, I'm told.
Here, Don, to heel, sir. Keep the path, my
dog.
There's new-sown wheat where heather bloomed
of old,
And flax where snipe called curlew in the bog;
There's boards to warn us off, and wired
hedges,
And all the bonnie brushwood cropped and
down;
Bold is the bird that 'mid such order fledges,
The lark and I, I think, alike are flown.

Nay, I'll do naught of mischief, sir. I've
come
Just to look round, and say a last good-bye
To what was once the lawless squatter's home.
Home — far too good a word for such as I.
You have reclaimed our common — over late
To try the process yet again on me.
One more dumb parting by the churchyard
gate,
Then — hey, for space and freedom over sea.
All The Year Round.

"CAREST THOU NOT?"

CAREST Thou not, oh thou that givest life?
Carest thou not, who art the love thou
teachest?
While half thy children perish in the strife,
For lack of the sweet charity thou preachest.
The eye that sees, the heart that longs and
yearns,
For beauty, wealth, and calm of golden
hours;
Or thou, or nature, gave the brain that burns,
The mind that chafes to use its latent powers.

Caught in the bitter net of circumstance,
We strive and faint amid each baffling fold,
While careless fingers take, or miss, the chance,
Or idle with the precious thing they hold;
And favored darlings of the world look down,
From the fair height by fate or birth-right
given,
Wondering to see how under fortune's frown,
Along steep paths our tired feet are driven.

Carest thou not? our prized ambitions fail.
Our dearest droop, in dull days shadowed
too;
Their young eyes forced to read the weary
tale,
While their vain struggles, our past pangs
renew;
We fain would see, and save, and live, and
laugh;
Fain would have honest heart and open
hand;
Ah, hope and love make but a breaking staff,
When 'mid our shattered dreams alone we
stand.

Carest thou not, oh Lord? old age creeps on,
Blighting each lingering bloom we dare to
cherish;
A little while, and the last day is done;
Carest thou not, oh Lord, because we perish?
O stretch the right hand, strong to stay and
save.
Speak, through wild winds above, wild seas
beneath;
Say, despite failing life and opening grave,
"Why will ye doubt, oh ye of little faith?"
All the Year Round.

REAPING.

EVERY one is sowing, both by word and deed;
All mankind are growing, either wheat or
weed;
Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort of
seed.

Serious ones are seeking seed already sown;
Many eyes are weeping; now the crop is grown;
Think upon the reaping — each one reaps his
own.

Surely as the sowing shall the harvest be, —
See what you are throwing over hill or lea,
Words and deeds are growing for eternity.

There is One all knowing, looking on alway,
Fruit to Him is flowing, feeling for the day —
Will your heart be glowing, in the grand array?

Ye that would be bringing, sheaves of golden
grain,
Mind what you are flinging, both from hand
and brain,
Then mid glad songs singing, you shall glean
great gain.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE PROBLEM OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

A FEW months ago I endeavored to trace out, in these pages, the probable origin of the week, as a measure of time, by a method which has not hitherto, so far as I know, been followed in such cases. I followed chiefly a line of *a priori* reasoning, considering how herdsmen and tillers of the soil would be apt at a very early period to use the moon as a means of measuring time, and how in endeavoring so to use her they would almost of necessity be led to employ special methods of subdividing the period during which she passes through her various phases. But while each step of the reasoning was thus based on a *a priori* considerations, its validity was tested by the evidence which has reached us respecting the various methods employed by different nations of antiquity for following the moon's motions. It appears to me that the conclusions to which this method of reasoning led were more satisfactory, because more trustworthy, than those which have been reached respecting the week by the mere study of various traditions which have reached us respecting the early use of this widespread time measure.

I now propose to apply a somewhat similar method to a problem which has always been regarded as at once highly interesting and very difficult, the question of the purpose for which the pyramids of Egypt, and especially the pyramids of Ghizeh, were erected. But I do not here take the full problem under consideration. I have, indeed, elsewhere dealt with it in a general manner, and have been led to a theory respecting the pyramids which will be touched on towards the close of the present paper. Here, however, I intend to deal only with one special part of the problem, that part to which alone the method I propose to employ is applicable — the question of the astronomical purpose which the pyramids were intended to subserve. It will be understood, therefore, why I have spoken of applying a somewhat similar method, and not a precisely similar method, to the problem of the pyramids. For whereas

in dealing with the origin of the week, I could from the very beginning of the inquiry apply the *a priori* method, I cannot do so in the case of the pyramids. I do not know of any line of a *a priori* reasoning by which it could be proved, or even rendered probable, that any race of men, of whatever proclivities or avocations, would naturally be led to construct buildings resembling the pyramids. If it could be, of course that line of reasoning would at the same time indicate what purposes such buildings were intended to subserve. Failing evidence of this kind, we must follow at first the *a posteriori* method; and this method, while it is clear enough as to the construction of pyramids, for there are the pyramids themselves to speak unmistakably on this point, is not altogether so clear as to any one of the purposes for which the pyramids were built.

Yet I think that if there is one purpose among possibly many which the builders of the pyramids had in their thoughts, which can be unmistakably inferred from the pyramids themselves, independently of all traditions, it is the purpose of constructing edifices which should enable men to observe the heavenly bodies in some way not otherwise obtainable. If the orienting of the faces of the pyramids had been effected in some such way as the orienting of most of our cathedrals and churches, — *i.e.*, in a manner quite sufficiently exact as tested by ordinary observation, but not capable of bearing astronomical tests, — it might reasonably enough be inferred that having to erect square buildings for any purpose whatever, men were likely enough to set them four-square to the cardinal points, and that, therefore, no stress whatever can be laid on this feature of the pyramids' construction. But when we find that the orienting of the pyramids has been effected with extreme care, that in the case of the great pyramid, which is the typical edifice of this kind, the orienting bears well the closest astronomical scrutiny, we cannot doubt that this feature indicates an astronomical purpose as surely as it indicates the use of astronomical methods.

But while we thus start with what is to

some degree an assumption, with what at any rate is not based on *a priori* considerations, yet manifestly we may expect to find evidence as we proceed which shall either strengthen our opinion on this point, or show it to be unsound. We are going to make this astronomical purpose the starting-point for a series of *a priori* considerations, each to be tested by whatever direct evidence may be available; and it is practically certain that if we have thus started in an entirely wrong direction, we shall before long find out our mistake. At least we shall do so, if we start with the desire to find out as much of the truth as we can, and not with the determination to see only those facts which point in the direction along which we have set out, overlooking any which seem to point in a different direction. We need not necessarily be in the wrong track because of such seeming indications. If we are on the right track, we shall see things more clearly as we proceed; and it may be that evidence which at first seems to accord ill with the idea that we are progressing towards the truth, may be found among the most satisfactory evidence obtainable. But we must in any case note such evidence, even at the time when it seems to suggest that we are on the wrong track. We may push on, nevertheless, to see how such evidence appears a little later. But we must by no means forget its existence. So only can we hope to reach the truth or a portion of the truth, instead of merely making out a good case for some particular theory.

We start, then, with the assumption that the great pyramid, called the Pyramid of Cheops, was built for this purpose, *inter alia*, to enable men to make certain astronomical observations with great accuracy; and what we propose to do is to inquire what would be done by men having this purpose in view, having, as the pyramid builders had, (1) a fine astronomical site, (2) the command of enormous wealth, (3) practically exhaustless stores of material, and (4) the means of compelling many thousands of men to labor for them.

Watching the celestial bodies hour by

hour, day by day, and year by year, the observer recognizes certain regions of the heavens which require special attention, and certain noteworthy directions both with respect to the horizon and to elevation above the horizon.

For instance, the observer perceives that the stars, which are in many respects the most conveniently observable bodies, are carried round as if they were rigidly attached to a hollow sphere, carried around an axis passing through the station of the observer (as through a centre) and directed towards a certain point in the dome of the heavens. That point, then, is one whose direction must not only be ascertained, but must be in some way or other indicated. Whatever the nature of an astronomer's instruments or observatory, whether he have but a few simple contrivances in a structure of insignificant proportions, or the most perfect instruments in a noble edifice of most exquisite construction and of the utmost attainable stability, he must in every case have the position of the pole of the heavens clearly indicated in some way or other. Now, the pole of the heavens is a point lying due north, at a certain definite elevation above the horizon. Thus the first consideration to be attended to by the builder of any sort of astronomical observatory, is the determination of the direction of the true north (or the laying down of a true north-and-south line), while the second is the determination, and in some way or other the indication of the angle of elevation above the north point, at which the true pole of the heavens may lie.

To get the true north-and-south line, however, the astronomer would be apt at first, perhaps, rather to make mid-day observations than to observe the stars at night. It would have been the observation of these which first called his attention to the existence of a definite point round which all the stars seem to be carried in parallel circles; but he would very quickly notice that the sun and the moon, and also the five planets, are carried round the same polar axis, only differing from the stars in this: that, besides being thus carried round with the celestial sphere, they also move upon that sphere,

though with a motion which is very slow compared with that which they derive from the seeming motion of the sphere itself. Now, among these bodies the sun and moon possess a distinct advantage over the stars. A body illuminated by either the sun or the moon throws a shadow, and thus if we place an upright pointed rod in sunlight or moonlight, and note where the shadow of the point lies, we know that a straight line from the point to the shadow of the point is directed exactly towards the sun or the moon, as the case may be. Leaving the moon aside as in other respects unsuitable, for she only shines with suitable lustre in one part of each month, we have in the sun's motions a means of getting the north-and-south line by thus noting the position of the shadow of a pointed upright. For being carried around an inclined axis directed northwards, the sun is, of course, brought to his greatest elevation on any given day when due south. So that if we note when the shadow of an upright is shortest on any day, we know that at that moment the sun is at his highest or due south; and the line joining the centre of the upright's base with the end of the shadow at that instant lies due north-and-south.

But though theoretically this method is sufficient, it is open, in practice, to a serious objection. The sun's elevation, when he is nearly at his highest, changes very slowly; so that it is difficult to determine the precise moment when the shadow is shortest. But the direction of the shadow is steadily changing all the time that we thus remain in doubt whether the sun's elevation has reached its maximum or not. We are apt, then, to make an error as to time, which will result in a noteworthy error as to the direction of the north-and-south line.

For this reason, it would be better for any one employing this shadow method to take two epochs on either side of solar noon, when the sun was at exactly the same elevation, or the shadow of exactly the same length, — determining this by striking out a circle around the foot of the upright, and observing where the shadow's point crossed this circle before noon

in drawing nearer to the base, and after noon in passing away from the base. These two intersections with the circle necessarily lie at equal distances from the north-and-south line, which can thus be more exactly determined than by the other method, simply because the end of the shadow crosses the circle traced on the ground at moments which can be more exactly determined than the moment when the shadow is shortest.

Now, we notice in this description of methods which unquestionably were followed by the very earliest astronomers, one circumstance which clearly points to a feature as absolutely essential in every astronomical observing station. (I do not say "observatory," for I am speaking just now of observations so elementary that the word would be out of place.) The observer must have a perfectly flat floor on which to receive the shadow of the upright pointer. And not only must the floor be flat, but it must also be perfectly horizontal. At any rate, it must not slope down either towards the east or towards the west, for then the shadows on either side of the north-and-south line would be unequal. And though a slope towards north or south would not affect the equality of such shadows, and would therefore be admissible, yet it would clearly be altogether undesirable; since the avoidance of a slope towards east or west would be made much more difficult if the surface were tilted, however slightly, towards north or south. Apart from this, several other circumstances make it extremely desirable that the surface from which the astronomers make their observations should be perfectly horizontal. In particular, we shall see presently that the exact determination of elevations above the eastern and western horizons would be very necessary even in the earliest and simplest methods of observation, and for this purpose it would be essential that the observing surface should be as carefully levelled in a north-and-south as in an east-and-west direction.

We should expect to find, then, that when the particular stage of astronomical progress had been reached, at which men not only perceived the necessity of well-

devised buildings for astronomical observation, but were able to devote time, labor, and expense to the construction of such buildings, the first point to which they would direct their attention would be the formation of a perfectly level surface, on which eventually they might lay down a north-and-south or true meridional line.

Now, of the extreme care with which this preliminary question of level was considered by the builders of the great pyramid, we have singularly clear and decisive evidence. For all around the base of the pyramid there was a pavement, and we find the builders not only so well acquainted with the position of the true horizontal plane at the level of this pavement, but so careful to follow it (even as respects this pavement, which, be it noticed, was only, in all probability, a subsidiary, and quasi-ornamental feature of the building), that the pavement "was varied in thickness at the rate of about an inch in one hundred feet to make it absolutely level, which the rock was not."*

But now with regard to the true north-and-south direction, although the shadow method, carried out on a truly level surface, would be satisfactory enough for a first rough approximation, or even for what any but astronomers would regard as extreme accuracy, it would be open to serious objections for really exact work. These objections would have become known to observers long before the construction of the pyramid was commenced, and would have been associated with the difficulties which suggested, I think, the idea itself of constructing such an edifice.

Supposing an upright pointed post is set up, and the position of the end of the shadow upon a perfectly level surface is noted; then whatever use we intend to make of this observation, it is essential that we should know the precise position of the centre of the upright's base, and also that the upright should be truly vertical. Otherwise we have only exactly obtained the position of one end of the line we want, and to draw the line properly we ought as exactly to know the position of the other end. If we want *also* to know

the true position of a line joining the point of the upright and the shadow of this point, we require to know the true height of the upright. And even if we have these points determined, we still have not a *material* line from the point of the upright to the place of its shadow. A cord or chain from one point to the other would be curved, even if tightly stretched, and it would not be tightly stretched, if long, without either breaking or pulling over the upright. A straight bar of the required length could not be readily made or used: if stout enough to lie straight from point to point it would be unwieldy, if not stout enough so that it bent under its own weight it would be useless.

Thus the shadow method, while difficult of application to give a true north-and-south horizontal line, would fail utterly to give material indications of the sun's elevation on particular days, without which it would be impossible to obtain in this manner any material indications of the position of the celestial pole.

A natural resource, under these circumstances — at least a natural resource for astronomers who could afford to adopt the plan — would be to build up masses of masonry, in which there should be tubular holes or tunnelling pointing in certain required directions. In one sense the contrivance would be clumsy, for a tunnelling once constructed would not admit of any change of position, nor even allow of any save very limited changes in the direction of the line of view through them. In fact, the more effective a tunnelling would be in determining any particular direction, the less scope, of course, would it afford for any change in the direction of a line of sight along it. So that the astronomical architect would have to limit the use of this particular method to those cases in which great accuracy in obtaining a direction line and great rigidity in the material indication of that line's position were essential or at least exceedingly desirable. Again, in some cases presently to be noticed, he would require, not a tubing directed to some special fixed point in the sky, but an opening commanding some special range of view. Yet again it would be manifestly well for him to retain, whenever possible, the power of using the shadow method in observing the sun and moon; for this method in the case of bodies varying their position on the celestial sphere, not merely with respect to the cardinal points, would be of great value. Its value would be enhanced if the shadows could be

* It seems to me not improbable that the level was determined by simply flooding (though to a very small depth only, of course) the entire area to be levelled — not only the pavement level, but higher levels as the pyramid was raised layer by layer. By completing the outside of each layer first, an enclosed space capable of receiving the water would be formed (the flooding being required once only for each layer), and when the level had been taken the water could be allowed to run off by the interior passages to the well which Piazzi Smyth considers to be symbolical of the bottomless pit.

formed by objects and received on surfaces holding a permanent position.

We begin to see some of the requirements of an astronomical building such as we have supposed the earlier observers to plan.

First, such a building must be large, to give suitable length to the direction lines, whether along edges of the building or along tubular passages or tunnelling within it. Secondly, it must be massive in order that these edges and passages might have the necessary stability and permanence. Thirdly, it must be of a form contributing to such stability, and as height above surrounding objects (even hills lying at considerable distances) would be a desirable feature, it would be proper to have the mass of masonry growing smaller from the base upwards. Fourthly, it must have its sides carefully oriented, so that it must have either a square or oblong base with two sides lying exactly north and south, and the other two lying exactly east and west. Fifthly, it must have the direction of the pole of the heavens either actually indicated by a tunnelling of some sort pointed directly polewards, or else inferable from a tunnelling pointing upon a suitable star close to the true pole of the heavens.

The lower part of a pyramid would fulfil the conditions required for the stability of such a structure, and a square or oblong form would be suitable for the base of such a pyramid. We must not overlook the fact that a complete pyramid would be utterly unsuitable for an astronomical edifice. Even a pyramid built up of layers of stone and continued so far upwards that the uppermost layer consisted of a single massive stone, would be quite useless as an observatory. The notion which has been entertained by some fanciful persons, that one purpose which the great pyramid was intended to subserve, was to provide a raised small platform high above the general level of the soil, in order that astronomers might climb night after night to that platform, and thence make their observations on the stars, is altogether untenable. Probably no fancy respecting the pyramids has done more to discredit the astronomical theory of these structures than has this ridiculous notion; because even those who are not astronomers and therefore little familiar with the requirements of a building intended for astronomical observation, perceive at once the futility of any such arrangement, and the enormous, one may almost say the infinite disproportion be-

tween the cost at which the raised small platform would have been obtained, and the small advantage which astronomers would derive from climbing up to it instead of observing from the ground level. Yet we have seen this notion not only gravely advanced by persons who are to some degree acquainted with astronomical requirements, but elaborately illustrated. Thus, in Flammarion's "History of the Heavens," there is a picture representing six astronomers in Eastern garb, perched in uncomfortable attitudes on the uppermost steps of a pyramid, whence they are staring hard at a comet, naturally without the slightest opportunity of determining its true position in the sky, since they have no direction lines of any sort for their guidance. Apart from this, their attention is very properly directed in great part to the necessity of preserving their equilibrium. In only one point in fact does this picture accord with *a priori* probabilities—namely, in the great muscular development of these ancient observers. They are perfectly herculean, and well they might be, if night after night they had to observe the celestial bodies from a place so hard to reach, and where attitudes so awkward must be maintained during the long hours of the night.

It is perfectly clear, and is in fact one of the chief difficulties of the astronomical theory of the pyramids, that it would only be when these buildings were as yet incomplete that they could subserve any useful astronomical purposes; nevertheless we must not on this account suffer ourselves at this early stage of our inquiry to be diverted from the astronomical theory by what must be admitted to be a very strong argument against it. We have seen that there is such decisive and even demonstrative evidence in favor of the theory that the pyramids were not oriented in a general, still less in a merely casual, manner, and this is, in reality, such clear evidence of their astronomical significance, that we must pass further on upon the line of reasoning which we have adopted—prepared to turn back indeed if absolutely convincing evidence should be found against the theory of the astronomical *purpose* of the pyramids, but anticipating rather that, on a close inquiry, a means of obviating this particular objection may before long be found.

Let us suppose, then, that astronomers have determined to erect a massive edifice, on a square or oblong base properly oriented, constructing within this edifice such tubular openings as would be most

useful for the purpose of indicating the true directions of certain celestial objects at particular times and seasons.

Before commencing so costly a structure they would be careful to select the best possible position for it, not only as respects the nature of the ground, but also as respects latitude. For it must be remembered that, from certain parts of the earth, the various points and circles which the astronomer recognizes in the heavens occupy special positions and fulfil special relations.

So far as conditions of the soil, surrounding country, and so forth, are concerned, few positions could surpass that selected for the great pyramid and its companions. The pyramids of Ghizeh are situated on a platform of rock, about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the desert. The largest of them, the Pyramid of Cheops, stands on an elevation free all around, inasmuch that less sand has gathered round it than would otherwise have been the case. How admirably suited these pyramids are for observing stations is shown by the way in which they are themselves seen from a distance. It has been remarked by every one who has seen the pyramids that the sense of sight is deceived in the attempt to appreciate their distance and magnitude. "Though removed several leagues from the spectator, they appear to be close at hand; and it is not until he has travelled some miles in a direct line towards them, that he becomes sensible of their vast bulk and also of the pure atmosphere through which they are viewed."

With regard to their astronomical position, it seems clear that the builders intended to place the great pyramid precisely in latitude 30° , or, in other words, in that latitude where the true pole of the heavens is one-third of the way from the horizon to the point overhead (the zenith), and where the noon sun at true spring or autumn (when the sun rises almost exactly in the east, and sets almost exactly in the west) is two-thirds of the way from the horizon to the point overhead. In an observatory set exactly in this position, some of the calculations or geometrical constructions, as the case may be, involved in astronomical problems, are considerably simplified. The first problem in Euclid, for example, by which a triangle of three equal sides is made, affords the means of drawing the proper angle at which the mid-day sun in spring or autumn is raised above the horizon, and at which the pole of the heavens is removed

from the point overhead. Relations depending on this angle are also more readily calculated, for the very same reason, in fact, that the angle itself is more readily drawn. And though the builders of the great pyramid must have been advanced far beyond the stage at which any difficulty in dealing directly with other angles would be involved, yet they would perceive the great advantage of having one among the angles entering into their problems thus conveniently chosen. In our time, when by the use of logarithmic and other tables, all calculations are greatly simplified, and when also astronomers have learned to recognize that no possible choice of latitude would simplify their labors (unless an observatory could be set up at the North Pole itself, which would be in other respects inconvenient), matters of this sort are no longer worth considering, but to the mathematicians who planned the great pyramid they would have possessed extreme importance.

To set the centre of the pyramid's future base in latitude 30° , two methods could be used, both already to some degree considered — the shadow method, and the pole-star method. If at noon, at the season when the sun rose due east and set due west, an upright AC were found to throw a shadow CD, so proportioned to AC that ACD would be one-half of an



Fig. 1.

equal-sided triangle, then, theoretically, the point where this upright was placed would be in latitude 30° . As a matter of fact it would not be, because the air, by bending the sun's rays, throws the sun apparently somewhat above his true position. Apart from this, at the time of true spring or autumn, the sun does not seem to rise due east, or set due west, for he is raised above the horizon by atmospheric refraction, before he has really reached it in the morning, and he remains raised above it after he has really passed below — understanding the word "really" to relate to his actual geometrical direction. Thus, at true spring and autumn, the sun rises slightly to the north of east, and sets slightly to the north of west. The atmospheric refraction is indeed so marked, as respects these parts of the sun's apparent course, that it must have been quickly recognized. Probably, however, it would be regarded as a peculiarity only affecting the sun when close to the horizon, and would be (correctly) associated with his apparent change of shape when so situ-

ated. Astronomers would be prevented in this way from using the sun's horizontal position at any season to guide them with respect to the cardinal points, but they would still consider the sun, when raised high above the horizon, as a suitable astronomical index (so to speak), and would have no idea that even at a height of sixty degrees above the horizon, or seen as in direction DA, Fig. 1, he is seen appreciably above his true position.

Adopting this method—the shadow method—to fix the latitude of the pyramid's base, they would conceive the sun was sixty degrees above the horizon at noon, at true spring or autumn, when in reality he was somewhat below that elevation. Or, in other words, they would conceive they were in latitude 30° north, when in reality they were farther north (the mid-day sun at any season sinking lower and lower as we travel farther and farther north). The actual amount by which, supposing their observations exact, they would thus set this station north of its proper position, would depend on the refractive qualities of the air in Egypt. But although there is some slight difference in this respect between Egypt and Greenwich, it is but small; and we can determine from the Greenwich refraction tables, within a very slight limit of error, the amount by which the architects of the great pyramid would have set the centre of the base north of latitude 30° , if they had trusted solely to the shadow method. The distance would have been as nearly as possible eleven hundred and twenty-five yards, or say three furlongs.

Now, if they followed the other method, observing the stars around the pole, in order to determine the elevation of the true pole of the heavens, they would be in a similar way exposed to error arising from the effects of atmospheric refraction. They would proceed probably somewhat in this wise: Using any kind of direction lines, they would take the altitude of their polar star (1) when passing immediately under the pole, and (2) when passing immediately above the pole. The mean of the altitudes thus obtained would be the altitude of the true pole of the heavens. Now, atmospheric refraction affects the stars in the same way that it affects the sun, and the nearer a star is to the horizon, the more it is raised by atmospheric refraction. The pole-star in both its positions—that is when passing below the pole, and when passing above that point—is raised by refraction, rather more when below than when above; but

the estimated position of the pole itself, raised by about the mean of these two effects, is in effect raised almost exactly as much as it would be if it were itself directly observed (that is, if a star occupied the pole itself, instead of merely circling close round the pole). We may then simplify matters by leaving out of consideration at present all questions of the actual pole-star in the time of the pyramid builders, and simply considering how far they would have set the pyramid's base in error, if they had determined their latitude by observing a star occupying the position of the true pole of the heavens.

They would have endeavored to determine where the pole appears to be raised exactly thirty degrees above the horizon. But the effect of refraction being to raise every celestial object above its true position, they would have supposed the pole to be raised thirty degrees, when in reality it was less raised than this. In other words, they would have supposed they were in latitude 30° , when, in reality, they were in some lower latitude, for the pole of the heavens rises higher and higher above the horizon as we pass to higher and higher latitudes. Thus they would set their station somewhat to the south of latitude 30° , instead of to the north, as when they were supposed to have used the shadow method. Here again we can find how far they would set it south of that latitude. Using the Greenwich refraction table (which is the same as Bessel's), we find that they would have made a much greater error than when using the other method, simply because they would be observing a body at an elevation of about thirty degrees only, whereas in taking the sun's mid-day altitude in spring or autumn, they would be observing a body at twice as great an elevation. The error would be, in fact, in this case, about one mile fifteen hundred and twelve yards.

It seems not at all unlikely that astronomers, so skilful and ingenious as the builders of the pyramid manifestly were, would have employed both methods. In that case they would certainly have obtained widely discrepant results, rough as their means and methods must unquestionably have been, compared with modern instruments and methods. The exact determination from the shadow plan would have set them eleven hundred and twenty-five yards to the north of the true latitude; while the exact determination from the pole-star method would have set

them one mile fifteen hundred and twelve yards south of the true latitude. Whether they would thus have been led to detect the effect of atmospheric refraction on celestial bodies high above the horizon may be open to question. But certainly they would have recognized the action of some cause or other, rendering one or other method, or both methods, unsatisfactory. If so, and we can scarcely doubt that this would actually happen (for certainly they would recognize the theoretical justice of both methods, and we can hardly imagine that having two available methods, they would limit their operations to one method only), they would scarcely see any better way of proceeding than to take a position intermediate between the two which they had thus obtained. Such a position would lie almost exactly ten hundred and seventy-two yards south of true latitude 30° north.

Whether the architects of the pyramid of Cheops really proceeded in this way or not, it is certain that they obtained a result corresponding so well with this that if we assume they really did intend to set the base of the pyramid in latitude 30° , we find it difficult to persuade ourselves that they did not follow some such course as I have just indicated—the coincidence is so close considering the nature of the observations involved. According to Professor Piazzi Smyth, whose observational labors in relation to the great pyramid are worthy of all praise, the centre of the base of this pyramid lies about one mile five hundred and sixty-eight yards south of the thirtieth parallel of latitude. This is nine hundred and forty-four yards north of the position they would have deduced from the pole-star method; one mile sixteen hundred and ninety-three yards south of the position they would have deduced from the shadow method; and twelve hundred and fifty-six yards south of the mean position between the two last-named. The position of the base seems to prove beyond all possibility of question that the shadow method was not the method on which sole or chief reliance was placed, though this method must have been known to the builders of the pyramid. It does not, however, prove that the star method was the only method followed. A distance of nine hundred and forty-four yards is so small in a matter of this sort that we might fairly enough assume that the position of the base was determined by the pole-star method. If, however, we supposed the builders of the pyramid to have been exceedingly skillful

in applying the methods available to them, we might not unreasonably conclude from the position of the pyramid's base that they used both the shadow method and the pole-star method, but that, recognizing the superiority of the latter, they gave greater weight to the result of employing this method. Supposing, for instance, they applied the pole-star method three times as often as the shadow method, and took the mean of all the results thus obtained, then the deduced position would lie three times as far from the northern position obtained by the shadow method as from the southern position obtained by the pole-star method. In this case their result, if correctly deduced, would have been only about one hundred and fifty-six yards north of the actual present position of the centre of the base.

It is impossible, however, to place the least reliance on any calculation like that made in the last few lines. By a *posteriori* reasoning such as this one can prove almost anything about the pyramids. For observe, though presented as *a priori* reasoning, it is in reality not so, being based on the observed fact, that the true position lies more than three times as far from the northerly limit as from the southern one. Now, if in any other way, not open to exception, we knew that the builders of the pyramid used both the sun method and the star method, with perfect observational accuracy, but without knowledge of the laws of atmospheric refraction, we could infer from the observed position the precise relative weights they attached to the two methods. But it is altogether unsafe, or, to speak plainly, it is in the logical sense a perfectly vicious manner of reasoning, to ascertain first such relative weights on an assumption of this kind, and having so found them, to assert that the relation thus detected is a probable one in itself, and that since, when assumed, it accounts precisely for the observed position of the pyramid, therefore the pyramid was posited in that way and no other. It has been by unsound reasoning of this kind that nine-tenths of the absurdities have been established on which Taylor and Professor Smyth and their followers have established what may be called the pyramid religion.

All we can fairly assume as probable from the evidence, in so far as that evidence bears on the results of *a priori* considerations, is that the builders of the great pyramid preferred the pole-star

method to the shadow method, as a means of determining the true position of latitude 30° north. They seem to have applied this method with great skill considering the means at their disposal, if we suppose that they took no account whatever of the influence of refraction. If they took refraction into account at all they considerably underrated its influence.

Piazzi Smyth's idea that they knew the *precise* position of the thirtieth parallel of latitude, and also the *precise* position of the parallel, where, owing to refraction, the pole-star would appear to be thirty degrees above the horizon, and deliberately set the base of the pyramid between these limits (not exactly or nearly exactly half-way, but somewhere between them), cannot be entertained for a moment by any one not prepared to regard the whole history of the construction of the pyramid as supernatural. My argument, let me note in passing, is not intended for persons who take this particular view of the pyramid, a view on which reasoning could not very well be brought to bear.

If the star method had been used to determine the position of the parallel of 30° north latitude, we may be certain it would be used also to orient the building. Probably indeed the very structures (temporary, of course) by which the final observations for the latitude had been made, would remain available also for the orientation. These structures would consist of uprights so placed that along the line of sight at their extremities (or along a tube perhaps borne aloft by them in a slanting position) the pole-star could be seen when immediately below or immediately above the pole. Altogether the more convenient direction of the two would be that towards the pole-star when below the pole. The extremities of these uprights, or the axis of the upraised tube, would lie in a north-and-south line considerably inclined to the horizon, because the pole itself being thirty degrees above the horizon, the pole-star, whatever star this might be, would be high above the horizon even when exactly under the pole. No star so far from the pole as to pass close to the horizon would be of use even for the work of orientation, while for the work of obtaining the latitude it would be absolutely essential that a star close to the pole should be used.

A line along the feet of the uprights would run north and south. But the very object for which the great astronomical edifice was being raised, was that the north-and-south line amongst others

should be indicated by more perfect methods.

Now at this stage of proceedings, what could be more perfect as a method of obtaining the true bearing of the pole than to dig a tubular hole into the solid rock, along which tube the pole-star at its lower culmination should be visible? Perfect stability would be thus insured for this fundamental direction line. It would be easy to obtain the direction with great accuracy, even though at first starting the borings were not quite correctly made. And the further the boring was continued downwards towards the south the greater the accuracy of the direction line thus obtained. Of course there could be no question whatever in such underground boring, of the advantage of taking the lower passage of the pole-star, not the upper. For a line directly from the star at its upper passage would slant downwards at an angle of more than thirty degrees from the horizon, while a line directly from the star at its lower passage would slant downwards at an angle of less than thirty degrees; and the smaller this angle the less would be the length, and the less the depth of the boring required for any given horizontal range.

Besides perfect stability, a boring through the solid rock would present another most important advantage over any other method of orienting the base of the pyramid. In the case of an inclined direction line above the level of the horizontal base, there would be the difficulty of determining the precise position of points under the raised line; for manifest difficulties would arise in letting fall plumb-lines from various points along the optical axis of a raised tubing. But nothing could be simpler than the plan by which the horizontal line corresponding to the underground tube could be determined. All that would be necessary would be to allow the tube to terminate in a tolerably large open space; and from a point in the base vertically above this, to let fall a plumb-line through a fine vertical boring into this open space. It would thus be found how far the point from which the plumb-line was let fall lay, either to the east or to the west of the optical axis of the underground tunnel, and therefore how far to the east or to the west of the centre of the open mouth of this tunnel. Thus the true direction of a north-and-south line from the end of the tube to the middle of the base would be ascertained. This would be the meridian line of the pyramid's base, or rather the

meridian line corresponding to the position of the underground passage directed towards the pole-star when immediately under the pole.

A line at right angles to the meridian line thus obtained would lie due east and west, and the true position of the east-and-west line would probably be better indicated in this way than by direct observation of the sun or stars. If direct observation were made at all, it would be made not on the sun in the horizon near the time of spring and autumn, for the sun's position is then largely affected by refraction. The sun might be observed for this purpose during the summer months, at moments when calculation showed that he should be due east or west, or crossing what is technically the *prime vertical*. Possibly the so-called azimuth trenches on the east side of the great pyramid may have been in some way associated with observations of this sort, as the middle trench is directed considerably to the north of the east point, and not far from the direction in which the sun would rise when about thirty degrees (a favorite angle with the pyramid architects) past the vernal equinox. But I lay no stress on this point. The meridian line obtained from the underground passage would have given the builders so ready a means of determining accurately the east and west lines for the north and south edges of the pyramid's base, that any other observations for this purpose can hardly have been more than subsidiary.

It is, of course, well known that there is precisely such an underground tunneling as the considerations I have indicated seem to suggest as a desirable feature in a proposed astronomical edifice on a very noble scale. In all the pyramids of Ghizeh, indeed, there is such a tunneling as we might expect on almost any theory of the relation of the smaller pyramids to the great one. But the slant tunnel under the great pyramid is constructed with far greater skill and care than have been bestowed on the tunnels under the other pyramids. Its length underground amounts to more than three hundred and fifty feet, so that, viewed from the bottom, the mouth, about four feet across from top to bottom on the square, would give a sky range of rather less than one-third of a degree, or about one-fourth more than the moon's apparent diameter. But, of course, there was nothing to prevent the observers who used this tube from greatly narrowing

these limits by using diaphragms, one covering up all the mouth of the tube, except a small opening near the centre, and another correspondingly occupying the lower part of the tube from which the observation was made.

It seems satisfactorily made out that the object of the slant tunnel, which runs three hundred and fifty feet through the rock on which the pyramid is built, was to observe the pole-star of the period at its lower culmination, to obtain thence the true direction of the north point. The slow motion of a star very near the pole would cause any error in time, as when this observation was made, to be of very little importance, though we can understand that even such observations as these would remind the builders of the pyramid of the absolute necessity of good time-measurements and time-observations in astronomical research.

Finding this point clearly made out, we can fairly use the observed direction of the inclined passage to determine what was the position of the pole-star at the time when the foundations of the great pyramid were laid, and even what that pole-star may have been. On this point there has never been much doubt, though considerable doubt exists as to the exact epoch when the star occupied the position in question. According to the observations made by Professor Smyth, the entrance passage has a slope of about $26^{\circ} 27'$, which would have corresponded, when refraction is taken into account, to the elevation of the star observed through the passage, at an angle of about $26^{\circ} 29'$ above the horizon. The true latitude of the pyramid being $29^{\circ} 58' 51''$, corresponding to an elevation of the true pole of the heavens, by about $30^{\circ} 30'$ above the horizon, it follows that if Professor Smyth obtained the true angle for the entrance passage, the pole-star must have been about $3^{\circ} 31' 30''$ from the pole. Smyth himself considers that we ought to infer the angle for the entrance passage from that of other internal passages, presently to be mentioned, which he thinks were manifestly intended to be at the same angle of inclination, though directed southwards instead of northwards. Assuming this to be the case, though for my own part I cannot see why we should do so (most certainly we have no *a priori* reason for so doing), we should have $26^{\circ} 18'$ as about the required angle of inclination, whence we should get about $3^{\circ} 42'$ for the distance of the pole-star of the pyramid's time from the true pole of the heavens.

The difference may seem of very slight importance, and I note that Professor Smyth passes it over as if it really were unimportant; but in reality it corresponds to somewhat large time-differences. He quotes Sir J. Herschel's correct statement, that about the year 2170 B.C., the star Alpha Draconis, when passing below the pole, was elevated at an angle of about $26^{\circ} 18'$ above the horizon, or was about $3^{\circ} 42'$ from the pole of the heavens (I have before me, as I write, Sir J. Herschel's original statement, which is not put precisely in this way); and he mentions also that somewhere about 3440 B.C. the same star was situated at about the same distance from the pole. But he omits to notice that since, during the long interval of twelve hundred and seventy years, Alpha Draconis had been first gradually approaching the pole until it was at its nearest, when it was only about $3' 30''$ from that point, and then as gradually receding from the pole until again $3^{\circ} 42'$ from it, it follows that the difference of nine or ten minutes in the estimated inclination of the entrance passage corresponds to a very considerable interval in time, certainly to not less than fifty years. (Exact calculation would be easy, but it would be time wasted where the data are inexact.)

Having their base properly oriented, and being about to erect the building itself, the architects would certainly not have closed the mouth of the slant tunnel pointing northwards, but would have carried the passage onwards through the basement layers of the edifice, until these had reached the height corresponding to the place where the prolongation of the passage would meet the slanting north face of the building. I incline to think that at this place they would not be content to allow the north face to remain in steps, but would fit in casing stones (not necessarily those which would eventually form the slant surface of the pyramid, but more probably slanted so as to be perpendicular to the axis of the ascending passage). They would probably cut a square aperture through such slant stones corresponding to the size of the passage elsewhere, so as to make the four surfaces of the passage perfectly plane from its greatest depth below the base of the pyramid to its aperture, close to the surface to be formed eventually by the casing stones of the pyramid itself.

Now, in this part of his work, the astronomical architect could scarcely fail to take into account the circumstance that

the inclined passage, however convenient as bearing upon a bright star near the pole when that star was due north, was, nevertheless, not coincident in direction with the true polar axis of the celestial sphere. I cannot but think he would in some way mark the position of their true polar axis. And the natural way of marking it would be to indicate where the passage of his pole-star *above* the pole ceased to be visible through the slant tube. In other words he would mark where a line from the middle of the lowest face of the inclined passage to the middle of the upper edge of the mouth was inclined by twice the angle $3^{\circ} 42'$ to the axis of the passage. To an eye placed on the optical axis of the passage, at this distance from the mouth the middle of the upper edge of the mouth would (*quam proxime*) show the place of the true pole of the heavens. It certainly is a singular coincidence that at the part of the tube where this condition would be fulfilled, there is a peculiarity in the construction of the entrance passage, which has been indeed otherwise explained, but I shall leave the reader to determine whether the other explanation is altogether a likely one. The feature is described by Smyth as "a most singular portion of the passage—viz., a place where two adjacent wall-joints, similar, too, on either side of the passage, were *vertical* or nearly so; while every other wall-joint, both above and below, was *rectangular* to the length of the passage, and, therefore, largely *inclined* to the vertical." Now I take the mean of Smyth's determinations of the transverse height of the entrance passage as 47.23 inches (the extreme values are 47.14 and 47.32), and I find that, from a point on the floor of the entrance passage, this transverse height would subtend an angle of $7^{\circ} 24'$ (the range of Alpha Draconis in altitude when on the meridian) at a distance 363.65 inches from the transverse mouth of the passage. Taking this distance from Smyth's scale in Plate xvii. of his work on the pyramid ("Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid"), I find that, if measured along the base of the entrance passage from the lowest edge of the vertical stone, it falls exactly upon the spot where he has marked in the probable outline of the uncased pyramid, while, if measured from the upper edge of the same stone, it falls just about as far within the outline of the cased pyramid as we should expect the outer edge of a sloped end stone to the tunnel to have lain.

It may be said that from the floor of the entrance passage no star could have been seen, because no eye could be placed there. But the builders of the pyramid cannot reasonably be supposed to have been ignorant of the simple properties of plane mirrors, and by simply placing a thin piece of polished metal upon the floor at this spot, and noting where they could see the star and the upper edge of the tunnel's mouth in contact by reflection in this mirror, they could determine precisely where the star could be seen touching that edge, by an eye placed (were that possible) precisely in the plane of the floor.

I have said there is another explanation of this peculiarity in the entrance passage, but I should rather have said there is another explanation of a line marked on the stone next below the vertical one. I should imagine this line, which is nothing more than a mark such "as might be ruled with a blunt steel instrument, but by a master hand for power, evenness, straightness, and still more for rectangularity to the passage axis," was a mere sign to show where the upright stone was to come. But Professor Smyth, who gives no explanation of the upright stone itself, except that it seems, from its upright position, to have had "something representative of setting up, or preparation for the erecting of a building," believes that the mark is as many inches from the mouth of the tunnel as there were years between the dispersal of man and the building of the pyramid; that thence downwards to the place where an ascending passage begins, marks in like manner the number of years which were to follow before the Exodus; thence along the ascending passage to the beginning of the great gallery the number of years from the Exodus to the coming of Christ; and thence along the floor of the grand gallery to its end, the interval between the first coming of Christ and the second coming or the end of the world, which it appears is to take place in the year 1881. It is true not one of these intervals accords with the dates given by those who are considered the best authorities in Biblical matters, — but so much the worse for the dates.

To return to the pyramid.

We have considered how, probably, the architect would plan the prolongation of the entrance passage to its place of opening out on the northern face. But as the pyramid rose layer by layer above its basement, there must be ascending pas-

sages of some sort towards the south, the most important part of the sky in astronomical research.

The astronomers who planned the pyramid would specially require four things. First, they must have the ascending passage in the absolutely true meridian plane; secondly, they would require to have in view, along a passage as narrow as the entrance tunnel, some conspicuous star, if possible a star so bright as to be visible by day (along such a tunnel) as well as by night; thirdly, they must have the means of observing the sun at solar noon on every day in the year; and fourthly, they must also have the entire range of the zodiac or planetary highway brought into view along their chief meridional opening.

The first of these points is at once the most important and the most difficult. It is so important, indeed, that we may hope for significant evidence from the consideration of the methods which would suggest themselves as available.

Consider: The square base has been duly oriented. Therefore, if each square layer is placed properly, the continually diminishing square platform will remain always oriented. But if any error is made in this work the exactness of the orientation will gradually be lost. And this part of the work cannot be tested by astronomical observations as exact as those by which the base was laid, unless the vertical boring by which the middle of the base, or a point near it, was brought into connection with the entrance passage, is continued upwards through the successive layers of the pyramidal structure. As the rock rises to a considerable height within the interior of the pyramid,* probably to quite the height of the opening of the entrance passage on the northern slope, it would only be found necessary to carry up this vertical boring on the building itself after this level had been reached. But in any case this would be but an unsatisfactory way of obtaining the meridian plane when once the boring had reached a higher level than the opening of the entrance passage; for only horizontal lines from the boring to the inclined tunnelling would be of use for exact work, and no such lines could be drawn when once

* The irregular descending passage long known as the well, which communicates between the ascending passage and the underground chamber, enables us to ascertain how high the rock rises into the pyramid at this particular part of the base. We thus learn that the rock rises in this place, at any rate, thirty or forty feet above the basal plane.

the level of the upper end of the entrance passage had been passed by the builders.

A plan would be available, however, (not yet noticed, so far as I know, by any who have studied the astronomical relations of the great pyramid), which would have enabled the builders perfectly to overcome this difficulty.

Suppose the line of sight down the entrance passage were continued upwards along an ascending passage, after reflection at a perfectly horizontal surface—the surface of still water—then by the simplest of all optical laws, that of the reflection of light, the descending and ascending lines of sight on either side of the place of reflection, would lie in the same vertical plane, that, namely of the entrance passage, or of the meridian. Moreover, the farther upwards an ascending passage was carried, along which the reflected visual rays could pass, the more perfect would be the adjustment of this meridional plane.

To apply this method, it would be necessary to temporarily plug up the entrance passage where it passed into the solid rock, to make the stone-work above it very perfect and close fitting, so that whenever occasion arose for making one of the observations we are considering, water might be poured into the entrance passage, and remain long enough standing at the corner (so to speak) where this passage and the suggested ascending passage could meet, for Alpha Draconis to be observed down the ascending passage.



Fig. 2 shows what is meant. Here DC is the descending passage, CA the ascending passage, C the corner where the water would be placed when Alpha Draconis was about to pass below the pole. The observer would look down AC, and would see Alpha Draconis by rays which had passed down DC, and had been reflected by the water at C. Supposing the building to have been erected, as Lepsius and other Egyptologists consider, at the rate of one layer in each year, then only one observation of the kind described need be made per annum. Indeed, fewer would serve, since three or four layers of stone might be added without any fresh occasion arising to test the direction of the passage CA.

It is hardly necessary to remind those who have given any attention to the sub-

ject of the pyramid that there is precisely such an ascending passage as CA, and that as yet no explanation of the identity of its angle of ascent with the angle of descent of the passage DC has ever been given. Most pyramidalists content themselves by assuming, as Sir E. Beckett puts it, "that the same angle would probably be used for both sets of passages, as there was no reason for varying it," which is not exactly an explanation of the relation. Mr. Wachterbarth has suggested that the passages were so adjusted for the purpose of managing a system of balance cars united by ropes from one passage to another; but this explanation is open, as Beckett points out, to the fatal objection that the passages meet at their lowest point, not at their highest, so that it would be rather a puzzle "to work out the mechanical idea." The reflection explanation is not only open to no such objections, but involves precisely such an application of optical laws as we should expect from men so ingenious as the pyramid builders certainly were. In saying this, let me explain, I am not commending myself for ingenuity in thinking of the method, simply because such methods are quite common and familiar in the astronomy of modern times.

While I find this explanation, which occurred to me even while this paper was in writing, so satisfactory that I feel almost tempted to say, like Sir G. Airy of his explanation of the deluge as an overflow of the Nile, that "I cannot entertain the slightest doubt" of its validity, I feel that there ought to be some evidence in the descending passage itself of the use of this method. We might not find any traces of the plugs used to stop up, once a year or so, the rock part of the descending passage. For they would be only temporary arrangements. But we should expect to find the floor of the descending passage constructed with special care, and very closely fitted where the water was to be received.

Inquiring whether this is so, I find not only that it is, but that another hitherto unexplained feature of the great pyramid finds its explanation in this way,—the now celebrated "secret sign." Let us read Professor Smyth's account of this peculiar feature.

When measuring the cross joints in the floor of the entrance-passage, in 1865, I went on chronicling their angles, each one proving to be very nearly at right angles to the axis, until suddenly one came which was *diagonal*; another, and that was *diagonal* too; but, after

that, the rectangular position was resumed. Further, the stone material carrying these diagonal joints was harder and better than elsewhere in the floor, so as to have saved that part from the monstrous excavations elsewhere perpetrated by some moderns. Why, then, did the builders change the rectangular joint angle at that point, and execute such unusual angles as they chose in place of it, in a better material of stone than elsewhere; and yet with so little desire to call general attention to it, that they made the joints fine and close to that degree that they escaped the attention of all men until 1865 A.D. The answer came from the diagonal joints themselves, on discovering that the stone between them was opposite to the butt end of the portcullis of the first ascending passage, or to the hole whence the prismatic stone of concealment through three thousand years had dropped out almost before Al Mamoun's eyes. Here, therefore, was a secret sign in the pavement of the entrance-passage, appreciable only to a careful eye and a measurement by angle, but made in such hard material that it was evidently intended to last to the end of human time with the great pyramid, and *has* done so thus far.

Whether Professor Smyth is right in considering that this specially-prepared position of the floor was intended not for any practical purpose, but to escape the notice of the careless, while yet, when the right men "at last, duly instructed, entered the passage," this mysterious floor-sign should show them where a ceiling-stone was movable, on perceiving which they "would have laid bare the beginning of the whole train of those sub-aerial features of construction which are the great pyramid's most distinctive glory, and exist in no other pyramid in Egypt or the world," I leave the reader to judge. I would remark, only, that, if so, the builders of the pyramid were not remarkably good prophets, seeing that the event befell otherwise, the ceiling-stone dropping out a thousand years or so before the floor-sign was noticed; wherefore we need not feel altogether alarmed at their own prediction (according to Professor Smyth), that the end of the world is to come in 1881, even as Mother Shipton also is reported to have prophesied. For my own part, I am quite content with my own interpretation of the secret sign; as showing where the floor of the descending passage was purposely prepared for the reception of water, on the still surface of which the pole-star of the day might be mirrored for one looking down the ascending passage.

Albeit, I cannot but think that this ascending passage must also have been

so directed as to show some bright star when due south. For if the passage had only given the meridian plane, but without permitting the astronomer to observe the southing of any fixed star, it would have subserved only one-half its purposes as a meridional instrument. It is to be remembered that, supposing the ascending passage to have its position determined in the way I have described, there would be nothing to prevent its being also made to show any fixed star nearly at the same elevation. For it could readily be enlarged in a vertical direction, the floor remaining unaltered. Since it is not enlarged until the great gallery is reached (at a distance of nearly a hundred and twenty-seven feet from the place where the ascent begins), it follows, or is at least rendered highly probable, that some bright star was in view through that ascending passage.

Now, taking the date 2170 B.C., which Professor Smyth assigns to the beginning of the great pyramid, or even taking any date (as we fairly may), within a century or so on either side of that date, we find no bright star which would have been visible when due south, through the ascending passage. I have calculated the position of that circle among the stars along which lay all the points passing $26^{\circ} 18'$ above the horizon when due south, in the latitude of Ghizeh, two thousand one hundred and seventy years before the Christian era; and it does not pass near a single conspicuous star.* There is only one fourth magnitude star which it actually approaches — namely, Epsilon Ceti; and one fifth magnitude star, Beta of the Southern Crown.

When we remember that Egyptologists almost without exception assert that the date of the builders of the great pyramid

* There is a statement perfectly startling in its inaccuracy, in a chapter of Blake's "Astronomical Myths," derived from Mr. Haliburton's researches, asserting that in the year 2170 B.C. the Pleiades were "exactly at that height that they could be seen in the direction of the southward-pointing passage of the pyramid." The italics are not mine. As this passage pointed 33 deg. 40 min., or thereabouts, below (that is south of) the equator, and the Pleiades were then some 3 deg. 40 min. north of the equator, the passage certainly did not then point to the Pleiades. Nor has there been any time since the world began when the Pleiades were anywhere near the direction of the southward pointing passage. In fact they have never been more than 20 deg. south of the equator. The statement follows immediately after another to the surprising effect that in the year 2170 B.C. "the Pleiades *really* commenced the spring by their midnight culmination." The only comment an astronomer can make on this startling assertion is to repeat with emphasis the word italicized by Mr. Haliburton (or Mr. Blake?). The Pleiades being then in conjunction with what is now called the first point of Aries, culminated at noon, not at midnight, at the time of the vernal equinox.

must have been more than a thousand years earlier than 2170 B.C., and that Bunsen has assigned to Menes the date 3620 B.C., while the date 3300 B.C. has been assigned to Cheops or Suphis on apparently good authority, we are led to inquire whether the other epoch when Alpha Draconis was at about the right distance from the pole of the heavens may not have been the true era of the commencement of the great pyramid. Now, the year 3300 B.C., though a little late, would accord fairly well with the time when Alpha Draconis was at the proper distance $3^{\circ} 40'$ from the pole of the heavens. If the inclination of the entrance-passageway is $26^{\circ} 27'$, as Professor Smyth made it, the exact date for this would be 3390 B.C.; if $26^{\circ} 40'$, as others made it before his measurements, the date would be about 3320 B.C., which would suit well with the date 3300 B.C., since a century either way would only carry the star about a third of a degree towards or from the pole.

Now, when we inquire whether in the year 3300 B.C. any bright star would have been visible, at southing, through the ascending passage, we find that a very bright star indeed, an orb otherwise remarkable as the nearest of all the stars, the brilliant Alpha Centauri, shone as it crossed the meridian right down that ascending tube. It is so bright that, viewed through that tube, it must have been visible to the naked eye, even when southing in full daylight.

But thirdly, we must consider how the builders of the pyramid would arrange for the observation of the sun at noon on every clear day in the year.

They would carry up the floor of the ascending passage in an unchanged direction, as it already pointed south of the lowest place of the noon sun at mid-winter. They would have to turn the tunnel into a lofty gallery, to increase the vertical range of view on the meridian. It seems reasonable to infer that they would prefer so to arrange matters that the upper end of the gallery would be near the middle of the platform which would form the top of the pyramidal structure from the time when it was completed for observational purposes. The height of the gallery would be so adjusted to its length, that the mid-winter's sun would not shine further than the lower end of the gallery (that is, to the upper end of the smaller ascending passage). In fact, as the moon and planets would have to be observed when due south, through this

meridional gallery, and as they range further from the equator both north and south than the sun does, it would be necessary that the gallery should extend lower down than the sun's mid-winter noon rays would shine.

As it would be a part of the observer's work to note exactly how far down the gallery the shadow of its upper southern edge reached, as well as the moment when the sun's light passed from the western to the eastern wall of the gallery, and other details of the kind; besides, of course, taking time-observations of the moment when the sun's edge seemed to reach the edge of the gallery's southern opening; and as such observations could not be properly made by men standing on the smooth slanting floor of the gallery, it would be desirable to have cross-benches capable of being set at different heights along the sloping gallery. In some observations, indeed, as where the transits of several stars southing within short intervals of time had to be observed, it would be necessary to set some observers at one part of the gallery, others at another part, and perhaps even to have several sets of observers along the gallery. And this suggests yet another consideration. It might be thought desirable, if great importance was attached (as the whole building shows that great importance must have been attached) to the exactness of the observations, to have several observations of each transit of a star across the mouth of the gallery. In this case, it would be well to have the breadth of the gallery different at different heights, though its walls must of necessity be upright throughout—that is, the walls must be upright from the height where one breadth commences, to the height where the next breadth commences. With a gallery built in this fashion, it would be possible to take several observations of the same transit, somewhat in the same way that the modern observer watches the transit of a star across each of five, seven, or nine parallel spider threads, in order to obtain a more correct time for the passage of the star across the middle thread, than if he noted this passage alone.

How far the grand gallery corresponds with these requirements can be judged from the following description given by Professor Greaves in 1638: "It is," he says, "a very stately piece of work, and not inferior, either in respect of the curiosity of art, or richness of materials, to the most sumptuous and magnificent

buildings," and a little further on he says, "This gallery, or corridor, or whatever else I may call it, is built of white and polished marble (limestone), the which is very evenly cut in spacious squares or tables. Of such materials as is the pavement, such is the roof and such are the side walls that flank it; the coagmentation or knitting of the joints is so close, that they are scarce discernible to a curious eye; and that which adds grace to the whole structure, though it makes the passage the more slippery and difficult, is the acclivity or rising of the ascent. The height of this gallery is twenty-six feet" (Professor Smyth's careful measurements show the true height to be more nearly twenty-eight feet), "the breadth of 6.870 feet, of which 3.435 feet are to be allowed for the way in the midst, which is set and bounded on both sides with two banks (like benches) of sleek and polished stone; each of these hath 1.717 of a foot in breadth, and as much in depth." These measurements are not strictly exact. Smyth made the breadth of the gallery above the banks or ramps as he calls them, 6 feet 10.2 inches; the space between the ramps, 3 feet 6 inches; the ramps nearly about 1 foot 8.07 inches broad, and nearly 1 foot 9 inches high, measured transversely, that is at right angles to the ascending floor.

As to arrangements for the convenience of observers in the slippery and difficult floor of this gallery, we find that upon the top of these benches or ramps, near the angle where they meet the wall, "there are little spaces cut in right-angled parallel figures, set on each side opposite one another, *intended no question for some other end than ornament.*"

The diversity of width which I have indicated as a desirable feature in a meridional gallery, is a marked feature of the actual gallery. "In the casting and ranging of the marbles" (limestone), "in both the side walls, there is one piece of architecture," says Greaves, "in my judgment very graceful, and that is that all the courses of stones, which are but seven (so great are these stones), do set and flag over one another about three inches; the bottom of the uppermost course overlapping the top of the next, and so in order, the rest as they descend." The faces of these stones are exactly vertical, and as the width of the gallery diminishes upwards by about six inches for each successive course, it follows that the width at the top is about 3 feet 6 inches less than the width, 6 feet 10.2 inches, at the bottom,

or agrees in fact with the width of the space between the benches or ramps. Thus the shadow of the vertical edges of the gallery at solar noon just reached the edges of the ramps, a shadow of the next lower vertical edges falling three inches from the edges higher up the ramps, those of the next vertical edges six inches from these edges, still higher up, and so forth. The true hour of the sun's southing could thus be most accurately determined by seven sets of observers placed in different parts of the gallery, and near mid-summer, when the range of the shadows would be so far shortened, that a smaller number of observers only could follow the shadows' motions; but in some respects, the observations in this part of the year could be more readily and exactly made than in winter, when the shadows' spaces of various width would range along the entire length of the gallery.

Similar remarks would apply to observations of the moon, which could also be directly observed. The planets and stars of course could only be observed directly.

The grand gallery could be used for the observation of any celestial body southing higher than $26^{\circ} 18'$ above the horizon; but not very effectively for objects passing near the zenith. The Pleiades could be well observed. They southed about $63^{\circ} 40'$ above the horizon in the year 2140 B.C. or thereabouts when they were on the equinoctial colure.* But if I am right in taking the year 3300 B.C. when Alpha Centauri shone down the smaller ascending passage in southing, the Pleiades were about 58° only above the horizon when southing, and therefore even more favorably observable from the great meridional gallery.

In passing I may note that at this time, about thirty-three hundred years before our era, the equinoctial point (that is, the point where the sun passes north of the equator, and the year begins according to the old manner of reckoning) was midway between the horns of the Bull. So that then, and then alone, a poet might truly speak of spring as the time

* This date is sometimes given earlier, but when account is taken of the proper motion of these stars we get about the date above mentioned. I cannot understand how Dr. Ball, astronomer royal for Ireland, has obtained the date 2248 B.C., unless he has taken the proper motion of Alcyone the wrong way. The proper motion of this star during the last four thousand years has been such as to increase the star's distance from the equinoctial colure; and therefore, of course, the actual interval of time since the star was on the colure is less than it would be calculated to be if the proper motion were neglected.

Candidus auratis aperit quum cornibus annum Taurus,

as Virgil incorrectly did (repeating doubtless some old tradition) at a later time. Even Professor Smyth notices the necessity that the pyramid gallery should correspond in some degree with such a date. "For," says he, "there have been traditions for long, whence arising I know not, that the seven overlappings of the grand gallery, so impressively described by Professor Greaves, had something to do with the Pleiades, those proverbially seven stars of the primeval world," only that he considers the pyramid related to *memorial* not *observing* astronomy, "of an earlier date than Virgil's." The Pleiades also, it may be remarked, were scarcely regarded in old times as belonging to the constellation of the Bull, but formed a separate asterism.

The upper end of the great gallery lies very near the vertical axis of the pyramid. It is equidistant, in fact, from the north and south edges of the pyramid platform at this level, but lies somewhat to the east of the true centre of this platform. One can recognize a certain convenience in this arrangement, for the actual centre of the platform would be required as a position from whence observation of the whole sky could be made. Observers stationed there would have the cardinal points and the points midway between them defined by the edges and angles of the square platform, which would not be the case if they were displaced from the centre. Stationed as they would be close to the mouth of the gallery, they would hear the time-signalings given forth by the observers placed at various parts of the gallery; and no doubt one chief end of the exact time-observations for which the gallery was manifestly constructed, would be to enable the platform observers duly to record the time when various phenomena were noticed in any part of the heavens.

This corresponds well with the statement made by Proclus, that the pyramids of Egypt, which, according to Diodorus Siculus, had been in existence during thirty-six hundred years, terminated in a platform upon which the priests made their celestial observations. The last-named historian alleges, also (Biblioth. Hist. Lib. I.), that the Egyptians, who claimed to be the most ancient of men, professed to be acquainted with the situation of the earth, the risings and settings of stars, to have arranged the order of days and months, and pretended to be

able to predict future events, with certainty, from their observations of celestial phenomena. I think that it is in this association of astrology with astronomy that we find the explanation of what, after all, remains the great mystery of the pyramid—the fact, namely, that all the passages, ascending, descending, and horizontal, constructed with such extreme care, and at the cost of so much labor, in the interior of the great pyramid, were eventually (perhaps not very long after their construction) to be closed up. I reject utterly the idea that they could have been constructed merely as memorials. Sir E. Beckett, who seems willing to admit this conception, rejects the notion that the builders of the pyramid recorded "standard measures by hiding them with the utmost ingenuity." Is it not equally absurd to imagine that they recorded the date of the great pyramid, by construction, by those most elaborately concealed passages? Why they should have concealed them after constructing them so carefully, may not be clear. For my own part, I regard the theory that the pyramid of Suphis was built for astrological observations, relating to the life of that monarch only, as affording the most satisfactory explanation yet advanced of the mysterious circumstance that the building was closed up after his death. Supposing the part of the edifice (fifty layers in all), which includes the ascending and descending passages, to have been erected during his lifetime, it may be that some reverential or superstitious feeling caused his successors, or the priesthood, to regard the building as sacred after his death—to be closed up therefore and completed as a perfect pyramid, polished *ad unguem* from its pointed summit to the lines along which the four faces met the smooth pavement round its base. We might thus explain why each monarch required his own astrological observatory afterwards to become his tomb. Be this as it may, it is certain that the pyramids were constructed for astronomical observations; and it would, I conceive, be utterly unreasonable to imagine that the costly interior fittings and arrangements, "not inferior, in respect of curiosity of art or richness of materials, to the most sumptuous and magnificent buildings," were intended to subserve no other purpose but to be memorials; and that, too, not until, in the course of thousands of years, the whole mass of the pyramid had begun to lose the exactness of its original figure.

R. A. PROCTOR.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE Easter holidays were drawing near an end, and the family at Markham Chase had fallen into a state of existence somewhat different from its usual dignified completeness of life. When I say that the head of the house was Sir William Markham, once under-secretary for the colonies, once president of the Board of Trade, and still, though in opposition, a distinguished member of his party and important public personage, it is scarcely necessary to add that his house was one of the chief houses in the county, and that "the best people" were to be found there, especially at those times when fashionable gatherings take place in the country. At Easter the party was of the best kind, sprinkled with great personages, a party such as we should all have liked to be asked to meet. But these fine people had melted away; they had gone on to other great houses, they had got on the wing for town, where, indeed, the Markhams themselves were going early, like most Parliamentary people. Sir William too was away. He was visiting the head of his party in one of the midland counties, helping to settle the programme of enlightened and patriotic opposition for the rest of the session, some untoward events having deranged the system previously decided upon. To say that Sir William's absence was a relief would be untrue; for though he was somewhat punctilious and overwhelming in his orderliness he was greatly admired by his family, and loved—as much as was respectful and proper. But when he went away, and when all the fine people went away, the house, without any demonstration, slid smoothly, as it were down an easy slope of transition, into a kind of nursery life, delightful to those who were left behind. The family consisted, to begin at the wrong end, of two schoolboys, and two little girls who were in the hands of a governess. But mademoiselle was away too. There was nobody left at home but mamma and Alice—imagine the rapture of the children thus permitted to be paramount! There was a general dinner for everybody at two o'clock, and in the afternoon, as often as not, Lady Markham herself would be persuaded to go out to their picnic teas in the woods, and all kinds of juvenile dissipations. The nursery meals were superseded altogether. Old nurse might groan, but she dared not

say a word, for was not mamma the ring-leader in everything? There was no authority but hers in the house, and all the servants looked on benignant. In the evening when it was impossible to stay out any longer, they would dance, Alice "pretending" to be the dancing-mistress, which was far better fun than *real* dancing. There was no need to run away, or to keep quiet, for fear of disturbing papa. In short, a mild carnival was going on in the house, only dashed by the terrible thought that in a week the holidays would be over. In a week the boys would go back to school, the girls to their governess. The budding woods would become to the one and the other only a recollection, or a sight coldly seen during the course of an orderly walk. Then the boys would have the best of it. They would go away among all their friends, with the delights of boating and cricket, whereas the little girls would relapse into blue sashes and a correct appearance at dessert, followed, alas, in no small time, by complete loneliness when mamma went to London, and everybody was away.

"Don't let us think about it," said little Bell; "it will be bad enough when it comes. Oh, mamma, come and play the '*Tempête*.' Alice is going to teach us. Harry, you be my partner, you dance a great deal the best."

This produced a cry of indignant protestation from Mary, whom they all called Marie with a very decided emphasis on the last syllable. "I pulled Roland about all last night," she said, "when he was thinking of something else all the time; it is my turn to have Harry now."

"Don't you see," said Alice, "that Roland is much more your size? It doesn't do to have a little one and a big one in the '*Tempête*.' He mustn't think of anything else. Don't you know, Rol, if you don't take a little trouble you will never learn to dance, and then no one will ask you out when you grow up. I should not like, for my part, when all the others went out to be always left moping at home."

"Much I'd mind," said Roland with a precocious scorn of society. But just then the music struck up, and the lesson began. Roland was generally thinking of something else, but Harry threw himself into the dance with all the simple devotion of a predestined guardsman. That was to be a great part of his duty in life, and he gave himself up to it dutifully. The drawing-room was very large, par

tially divided by two pillars, which supported a roof painted with clouds and goddesses in the taste of the seventeenth century. The outer half was but partially lighted, while in the inner part all was bright. In the right-hand corner, behind Lady Markham, was a third room at right angles to this, like the transept crossing a long nave, divided from the drawing-room by curtains half-drawn, and faintly lighted too by a silver lamp. Thus the brilliant interior where the children were dancing was thrown up by two dimnesses; the girls in their light frocks, the bright faces and curls, the abundant light which showed the pictures on the walls, and all the details of the furniture, were thus doubly gay and bright in consequence. The children moving back and forward, Alice now here, now there, with one side and another as necessity demanded, flitting among them in all her softer grace of young womanhood, and the beautiful mother, the most beautiful of all, smiling on them from the piano, turning round to criticise and encourage, while her hands flashed over the keys, made the prettiest picture. There was an *abandon* of innocent gaiety in the scene, an absence of every harsh tone and suggestion which made it perfect. Was there really no evil and trouble in the place lighted up by the soft pleasure of the women, the mirth of the children? You would have said so—but that just then, though she did not stop smiling, Lady Markham sighed. Her children were in pairs, Harry and Bell, Roland and Marie—but where was Alice's brother? "Ah, my Paul!" she said within herself, but played on. Thus there was one note out of harmony—one, if no more.

Almost exactly coincident with this sigh the door of the drawing-room opened far down in the dim outer part, and two men came in. The house was so entirely given up to this innocent sway of youth, that there was no reason why they should particularly note the opening of the door. It could not be papa coming in, who was liable to be disturbed by such a trifle as a dance, or any serious visitor, or even the elder brother, who would, when he was at home, occasionally frown down the revels. Accordingly, their ears being quickened by no alarm, no one heard the opening of the door, and the two strangers came in unobserved. One was quite young, not much more than a youth, slim, and, though not very tall, looking taller than he was; the other was of a short, thickset figure, neither graceful nor hand-

some, who followed his companion with a mixture of reluctance and defiance, strange enough in such a scene. As they came towards the light this became still more noticeable. The second stranger did not seem to have any affinity with the place in which he found himself, and he had the air of being angry to find himself here. They had the full advantage of the pretty scene as they approached, for their steps were inaudible on the thick carpet, and the merry little company was absorbed in its own proceedings. All at once, however, the music ceased with a kind of shriek on a high note, the dancers, alarmed, stopped short, and Lady Markham left the piano and flew forward, holding out her hands. "Paul!" she cried, "Paul!"

"Paul!" cried Alice, following her mother, and "Paul!" in various tones echoed the little girls and boys. The strange man who had come in with Paul had time to remark them while the other was receiving the greeting of his mother and sister.

"I thought some one would be sure to come and spoil the fun," Roland said, taking the opportunity to get far from the little ring of performers.

"Now we shall get no more good of mamma," said his little partner with a disconsolate face; but what was this to the joy of the mother and elder sister, whose faces were lighted up with a sudden happiness, infinitely warmer than the innocent pleasure which the new-comers had disturbed?

"We thought you were not coming," said Lady Markham. "Oh, Paul, you have been hard upon us not to write! but no, my dear, I am not going to scold you. I am too happy to have you at last. Have you had any dinner? Alice, ring the bell, and order something for your brother."

"You do not see that I am not alone, mother," said Paul, with a tone so solemn that both the ladies were startled, not knowing what it could mean. "I have brought with me a very particular friend who I hope will stay for a little." It was then for the first time that Lady Markham perceived her son's companion.

"You know," she said, "how glad I always am to see your friends; but you must tell me his name," she added with a smile, holding out her hand, "this is a very imperfect introduction." The sweetness of her look as she turned to the stranger dazzled him. There was a moment's confusion on the part of both the men, as this beautiful, smiling lady put

her delicate fingers into a rough hand, brought forth with a certain reluctance and shamefacedness. She too changed color a little, and a look of surprise came into her face on a closer view of her son's friend.

"I thank you for your kind reception of me, my lady," said the man, "but, Markham, you had better explain to your mother who I am. I go nowhere under false pretences."

Now that the light was full upon him the difference showed all the more. His rough looks, his dress, not shabby, still less dirty, but uncared for, his coarse boots, the general aspect of his figure, which was neither disorderly nor disreputable, but unquestionably not that of a gentleman, seemed to communicate a sort of electric shock to the little company. The boys pressed forward with a simultaneous idea that Paul was in custody for something or other, and heroic intentions of pouncing upon the intruder and rescuing their brother. Alice gazed at him appalled with some fancy of the same kind passing through her mind. Only Lady Markham, though she had grown pale, preserved her composure.

"I cannot be anything but glad to see a friend of my boy's," she said, faltering slightly; but there passed through her mind a silent thanksgiving: Thank Heaven, his father was away!

"This is Spears," said Paul, curtly. "You needn't be so fastidious; my mother is not that sort. Mamma, this is a man to whom I owe more than all the dons put together. You ought to be proud to see him in your house. No, we haven't dined, and we've had a long journey. Let them get us something as soon as possible. Hallo, Brown, put this gentleman's things into the greenroom—I suppose we may have the greenroom?—and tell Mrs. Fry, as soon as she can manage it, to send us something to eat."

"I took the liberty to order something directly, as soon as I saw Mr. Markham, my lady," said Brown. There was a look of mingled benevolence and anxiety in this functionary's face. He was glad to see his young master come back, but he did not conceal his concern at the company in which he was. "The greenroom, my lady?"

"The greenroom is quite a small room," said Lady Markham, faltering. She looked at the stranger with a doubtful air. He was not a boy to be put into such a small place; but then, on the other hand—

"A small room is no matter to me," said Spears. "I'm not used to anything different. In such a career as mine we're glad to get shelter anywhere." He laughed as he spoke of his career; what was his career? He looked as if he expected her to know. Lady Markham concealed her perplexity by a little bow, and turned to Brown, who was waiting her orders with a half-ludicrous sentimental air of sympathy with his mistress.

"Put Mr. Spears into the chintzroom in the east wing; it is a better room," she said. Then she led the way into the brightness, on the verge of which they had been standing. "It is almost too warm for fires," she said, "but you may like to come nearer to it after your journey. Where have you come from, Paul? Children, now that you have seen Paul, you had better go up-stairs to bed."

"I knew how it would be," said Marie; "no one cares for us now Paul has come."

"No one will so much as see mamma as long as he is here," said Bell; while the boys, withdrawing reluctantly, stopping to whisper, and throw black looks back upon the stranger as they strolled away, wondered almost audibly what sort of fellow Paul had got with him. "A bailiff, I think," said Roland; "just the sort of fellow that comes after the men in 'Harry Lorrequer.'" "Or he's done something, and it's a turnkey," said Harry. Elder brothers were in the way of getting into trouble in the works with which these young heroes were familiar. Thus at Paul's appearance the pretty picture broke up and faded away like a phantasmagoria. Childhood and innocence disappeared, and care came back. The aspect of the very room changed where now there was the young man, peremptory and authoritative, and the two ladies tremulous with the happiness of his return, yet watching him with breathless anxiety, reading, or trying to read, every change in his face.

"Your last letter was from Yorkshire, Paul; what have you been doing? We tried to make out, but we could not. You are so unsatisfactory, you boys; you never will give details of anything. Did you go to see the Normantons? or were you —"

"I was nowhere—that you know of, at least," said Paul. "I was with Spears, holding meetings. We went from one end of the county to another. I can't tell you where we went; it would be harder to say where we didn't go."

Lady Markham looked at her son's companion with a bewildered smile. "Mr. Spears, then Paul—I suppose—knows a great many people in Yorkshire?" She had not a notion what was meant by holding meetings. He did not indeed look much like a man who would know many "people" in Yorkshire. "People" meant not the country folks, you may be sure, but the great county people, the Yorkshire gentry, the only class which to Lady Markham told in a county. This was no fault of hers, but only because the others were beyond her range of vision. No, he did not look like a man who would know many people in Yorkshire; but, short of that, what could Paul mean? Lady Markham did not know what significance there really was in what Paul said.

"We saw a great many Yorkshire people; but I go where I am called," said the stranger, "not only where there are people I know."

Seen in the full light, there was nothing repulsive or disagreeable about the man. He looked like one of the men who came now and then to the Chase to put something in order; some clock that had gone wrong, or something about the decorations. He sat a little uneasily upon the sofa where he had placed himself. His speech was unembarrassed, but nothing else about him. He was out of place. To see him there in the midst of this family it was as if he had dropped from another planet; he did not seem to belong to the same species. But his speech was easy enough, though nothing else; he had a fine, melodious voice, and he seemed to like to use it.

"I hope we did good work there," he said; "not perhaps of a kind that you would admire, my lady: but from my point of view, excellent work; and Markham, though he is a young aristocrat, was of great use. An enthusiast is always a valuable auxiliary. I do not know when I have made a more successful round. It has taken us just a week."

Lady Markham bowed in bewildered assent, not knowing what to say. She smiled out of sheer politeness, attending to every word, though she could not form an idea what he meant. She did not care, indeed, to know what Mr. Spears had been doing. It was her son she wanted to know about; but the laws of politeness were imperative. Meanwhile Paul walked about uneasily, placing himself for one moment in front of the expiring fire, then moving from spot to spot, looking intently

at some picture or knick-knack he had seen a thousand times before. "You have been getting some new china," he burst forth, after various suppressed signs of impatience. Now that he had brought his friend here, he did not seem desirous that his mother should attend so closely to all he said.

"New china! my dear boy, you have known it all your life," said Lady Markham. "We have only shifted it from one cabinet to another. It is the same old *Sèvres*. Perhaps Mr. Spears takes an interest in china. Show it to him, Paul. It is a valuable cup; it is supposed to have been made for Madame de Barry."

"No," said the strange visitor, "I know nothing about it. What makes it valuable, I wonder? I don't understand putting such a price on things that if you were to let them drop would be smashed into a thousand pieces."

"But you must not let it drop," said Lady Markham, with a little alarm. "I daresay it is quite a fictitious kind of value. Still, I like my *Sèvres*. It is a very pretty ornament."

"Just so," said Spears, with a certain patronage in his tone. "In a luxurious house like this decoration is necessary—and I don't say that it has not a very good effect. But in the places I am used to, a common teacup would be far more useful. Still, I do not deny the grace of ornament," he added, with a smile. "Life can go on very well without it, but it would be stupid to go against it here."

Lady Markham once more made him a little bow. He spoke as if he intended a compliment; but what did the man mean? And Paul set down the cup roughly as if he would have liked to bring the whole *étagère* to the ground. Altogether it was a confusion, almost a pain to have him here and yet not to have him. There were so many things she wanted to ask and to know. She gave her son a wistful look. But just then Brown came in to say that the hasty meal which had been prepared was ready. Lady Markham rose. She put out her hand to take her son's arm.

"Were you coming, mother? Don't take so much trouble; it would only be a bore to you," said Paul. "Spears and I will get on very well by ourselves without bothering you."

The tears started into Lady Markham's eyes. She turned a wondering look upon Alice as Paul and his companion went away down the dim length of the room, disappearing from them. Alice had been hovering about her brother try-

ing to say a word to him now and then, but Paul was too much intent upon what was going on between his friend and his mother to pay any attention. The look of dismay and wonder and blank disappointment that passed between them could not be described. Had Paul been alone they would both have gone with him to the dining-room: they would have sent away Brown and waited on him—his mother carving for him, Alice flitting about to get anything he wanted. They would have asked a hundred questions, and given him a hundred details of home events, and made the whole atmosphere bright with tender happiness and soft laughter and love. Now they stood and looked at each other listening to the footsteps as they crossed the hall.

"It is all this man whom he has brought with him," Lady Markham said.

CHAPTER II.

THE children were all open-eyed and open-mouthed next morning to see Paul's friend. As for the boys, they did not feel at all sure what might have been going on during the night, or whether Paul's friend would be visible in the morning. "It is money those sort of fellows want," Roland said: and then the question arose whether, papa being away, mamma would have money enough to satisfy such a claimant. The little girls besieged Alice with questions. Who was that strange man? He looked exactly like the man that came to wind the clocks.

"He is a friend of Paul's; hush—hush!" said Alice, "you must all be very polite and not stare at him." "But how can he be a friend?" demanded Bell. "He is a bailiff," said Roland. "In 'Harry Lorrequer' there is somebody exactly like that." "Oh, hush, children, for mamma's sake! he will come in directly. He is Paul's friend. Grown-up people do not go by appearances like children. Paul says he has done him more good than all the dons. Most likely he is a very learned man—or an author or something," Alice said. "Oh, an author! they're a queer lot," said Harry, with relief. At all events, an author was less objectionable than a bailiff.

Lady Markham came in before these questions were over. She was not at all so bright as usual. Though she smiled upon them as they all came round her, it was not her own natural smile; and she had a cap on, a thing which she only wore when she was out of sorts, a kind of signal of distress. The family were divided

as to this cap. Some of them were in favor of it, some against it. The little girls thought it made their mother look old, whereas Alice was of opinion that it imparted dignity to her appearance. "I don't want to have a mother just as young and a great deal prettier than I am," she said; but Bell and Marie called out, "Oh, that odious cap! Why should mamma, only because she is mamma, cover up all her pretty hair? It is such pretty hair! mine is just the same color," said Bell, who was inclined to vanity. Lady Markham smiled upon this charming nonsense, but it was not her own smile. "Has any one seen Paul this morning?" she said, with a sigh. What a change there was in everything! Paul had not come into his mother's dressing-room last night to talk over all he had been doing and meant to do, as had always been his habit when he came home. And when Lady Markham went to her boy's room on her way down-stairs thinking of nothing but the little laughing lecture she was wont to administer on finding him not yet out of bed—which was the usual state of affairs—what was her surprise to find Paul out of his room, already dressed and "gone for a walk." Brown meeting her in the hall told her this with a subdued voice and mingled wonder and sympathy in his face. "Mr. Markham is turning over a new leaf, my lady," he said, with the license of an old servant, who had seen Paul born, so to speak. "I am very glad to hear it—it is so much better for him," Lady Markham said. So it was, no doubt; but this change, even of the bad habit which was familiar to her, gave her a little shock. Therefore it was with a failure of her usual bright cheerfulness that she took her place at the breakfast-table.

"Has any one seen Paul?" she said.

"Oh, fancy seeing Paul already!" cried the little girls; "he will come in when we have all done breakfast, and Brown will bring him everything quite hot, after we have waited and waited. Brown makes dreadful favorites, don't you think so? He does not mind what he does for Paul."

"Paul has gone out for a walk," said Lady Markham, not without solemnity.

There was a cry of astonishment all round the table. Roland gave Harry a little nod of intelligence. ("He will have found it was no use, and he will have taken him away.") Alice had looked up into her mother's face with consternation; but as she was Paul's unhesitating parti-

san through everything, she recovered herself at once.

"He must be showing Mr. Spears the park," she said. "What a good thing if he will take to getting up early!"

And nobody could say anything against that; getting up early was a virtue in which Paul had been sadly deficient, as everybody was aware.

However, this was long enough to have been occupied about Paul, and the children, tired of the subject, had already plunged into their own affairs, when their elder brother suddenly appeared, ushering in Mr. Spears—who in the morning light looked more out of place than ever—through the great bow window which opened on the lawn. The stranger had his hat in his hand, and made an awkward sort of bow.

"I am afraid it is a liberty, my lady," he said, stepping in with shoes all wet from the dewy grass. He did not know what to do with his hat, and ended by putting it under his chair when he got to the table. But by that time his embarrassment had disappeared, and his face grew benignant as he looked round, before sitting down, upon the girls and boys. "The sight of children is a benediction," he said with that softening which mothers know by instinct. He was very like the man who wound up the clocks, who was a most respectable country tradesman; but this look reconciled Lady Markham to him more than anything else which had happened yet.

"You are fond of children?" she said.

"I ought to be. I have had six of my own; but they had hard times after my wife died, and there are but three left."

"Ah!" Lady Markham cried out of the depths of her heart. She looked round upon her own children, and the tears came to her eyes. "I am very, very sorry. There can be nothing in the world so dreadful."

"It is a pull," said her visitor. "Yes, it is a pull. A man does not know what it is till he has gone through it. Often you think, poor things, it is better for them; you would never have been able to rear them as you ought; but when it comes it is a pull; though you may have no bread to give them, it is hard to part with them."

He had begun to eat his breakfast very composedly, notwithstanding this. The way he held his fork was a wonder to Marie, who had but recently acquired full mastery of her own, and Harry had watched with great gravity and interest

the passage of the stranger's knife to his mouth. But Lady Markham no longer noticed these things. She forgot that he was like the man that wound up the clocks.

"I always feel," she said, "when I hear of losses like yours as if I ought to go down on my knees and beg your pardon for being so much better off—thank God!"

Spears looked up at her suddenly, putting down his knife and fork. Here was a strange thing; while all the rest were so conscious of the difference between them, the two chief persons had forgotten it. But he did not make any immediate reply. He looked at her wondering, grateful, understanding; and that piece of silent conversation was more effective than anything that could be said.

"There are not many people that feel like you," he said at length; "those that are better off than their neighbors are apt to look as if it sprang from some virtue of theirs. They are more likely to crow over us than to beg our pardon. And just as well too, Markham," he said with a laugh. "If they were all like your mother, they'd cut the ground from under our feet."

"I do not see that," said Paul. "The principle is unaltered, however well-intentioned those may be who are in the position of unjust superiority; that makes no difference so far as I can see."

All the Markham family were roused to attention when Paul spoke. The children looked at him, stopping their private chatter, and Lady Markham cast a wondering, reproachful look at her boy. Was she in a position of unjust superiority because all her children were living, and another parent had lost the half of his? She felt wounded by this strange speech.

"Ah," said Spears, with a twinkle in his eyes, "there is nothing like a recruit from the other side for going the whole —. You have a beautiful family, and you have a beautiful park, my lady. You have got a great deal more than the most of your fellow-creatures have. I can do nothing but stand and wonder at it for my part. Everything you see, everything you touch, is beautiful. You ought to be very sorry for all the others, so many of them, who are not so well off as you."

"Indeed I am, Mr. Spears," said Lady Markham, simply; but then she added, after a pause, "for those who have not the things that give happiness; but there are a great many things that are of no importance to happiness. Everybody, of

course, cannot have a beautiful park, as you say, and a nice house; but ——"

"Why not?"

"Why not?" She looked up surprised. "Ah, I see! You are all for equality, like Paul."

"Like *Paul*! I taught him everything he knows. He had not an idea of the subject before I opened his eyes to the horrible injustice of the present state of affairs. He is my disciple, and I am his master. Now you know who I am. I cannot be in any house under false pretences," said Spears, pushing his chair a little away from the table.

The children all looked at him aghast; and he had himself the air of having made a great and dangerous revelation, probably to be followed by his dismissal from the house as a dangerous person. "Now you know who I am." The climax was melodramatic in its form; but there was nothing theatrical in it so far as the revolutionary was concerned. He was perfectly sincere. He felt the importance of his own position; and feeling it, could entertain no doubt as to the knowledge of him as their fellest enemy, and the horror of him which must be felt in every house like this throughout the country. He had not wished to come; he had been disappointed to find that Sir William was not there, who (he felt sure), would have refused him admittance. And he would not take advantage of my lady who was certainly a woman to whom any man might submit himself. Had she rung the bell instantly for her menials to turn him out; had she expressed her horror at the contamination which her family had sustained by sitting down at the same table with him—he would not have been surprised. He pushed his chair gently from the table, and waited to see what she would order; though he was a revolutionary, he had unbounded respect for the mistress of this house.

Lady Markham looked at her strange visitor with bewildered eyes. She made a rapid telegraphic appeal to her son for explanation. "Now you know who I am," but she did not in the least know who he was. He was famous enough in his way, and he thought himself more famous than he was; but Lady Markham had never heard of him. When she saw that no assistance could be afforded her by her children in this dilemma, she collected her thoughts with a desperate effort. She was one of the women who would rather die than be rude to any one. To speak to a man at her own table, under

her own roof, with less than the most perfect courtesy was impossible to her. Besides, she did not really understand what he meant. She was annoyed and affronted that he should speak of her boy as Paul, but in the confusion of the moment that was all her mind took up, and as for openly resenting *that*, how was it possible? One time or another, no doubt, she would give the stranger a little return blow, a reminder of his over-familiarity, when it could be done with perfect politeness, but not now. She was startled by his solemnity; and it was very clear that he was not a man of what she called "our own class," but Lady Markham's high-breeding was above all pettiness.

"Was it really you?" she said, "who taught my son (she would not call him Paul again) all the nonsense he has been talking to us? Yes, indeed, it is great nonsense, Mr. Spears—you must let me say so. We are doing no one injustice. My husband says all young men are Radicals one time or other; but I should have expected you, a man with children of your own, to know better. Oh no, I don't want to argue. I am not clever enough for that. Let me give you another cup of tea."

The demagogue stared at the beautiful lady as if he could not believe his ears. Partly he was humiliated, seeing that she was not in the least afraid of him, and even did not realize at all what was the terrible disclosure he had made. This gave him that sense of having made himself ridiculous, which is so intolerable to those who are unaccustomed to the world. He cast a jealous look round the table to see if he could detect any laughter.

Paul caught him by the arm at this critical moment.

"Eat your breakfast," he said, in a wrathful undertone. "Do you hear, Spears? Do you think *she* knows? Have some of this fish, for heaven's sake, and shut up. What on earth do they care if you taught me or not? Do you think she goes into all that?"

Nobody heard this but Harry, who was listening both with ears and eyes. And Mr. Spears returned to his breakfast as commanded. He was abashed and he was astonished, but still he made a very hearty meal when all was said. And by-and-by his spirit rose again; this lady, who had so completely got the better of him, far more than if she had turned him out, there was no way of redeeming himself, but by "bringing her over." That would be a triumph. He immediately

addressed himself to it with every art at his command. He had an extremely prepossessing and melodious voice, and he spoke with what the ladies thought a kind of old-fashioned grace. The somewhat stiff, stilted phraseology of the self-educated has always more or less a whiff of the formality of an older age. And he made observations which interested them, in spite of themselves. Lady Markham was very polite to her son's friend.

When the children reminded her of her promise to go with them on a long-planned expedition into the woods, she put them off. "You know I cannot leave when I have visitors," she said.

"Perhaps Mr. Spears would come too," said Alice. And before he knew what was going to happen, he found himself pushed into the front seat of the carriage, which was like a Noah's ark, with hamper and children. Never had this man of the people, this popular orator, occupied so strange a position. He had never known before what it was to roll luxuriously along the roads, to share in the ease and dignity of wealth. He took notes of it, like a man in a foreign country, and observed keenly all that took place—the manners of the people for whom the world was made: that was how they seemed to take it. The world was made for them. It was not a subject of arrogant satisfaction on their part, or pride in their universal dominion; they took it quite easily, gently, as a matter of course. My lady gave her orders with a gentle confidence in the obedience of everybody she addressed. It was all wonderful to the man who knew only the other side of the question. He asked about everything—the game (with an eye to the poachers); the great extent of the park (as bearing upon one of his favorite points—the abstraction from the public of so many acres which might have cultivation); and was answered with a perfect absence of all sense of guilt, which was very strange to him. They did not know they were doing wrong, these rich people. They told him all about it, simply, smilingly, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. All this went against his preconceived notions, just as the manners of a foreign country so often go against the idea you have formed of them. He had all his senses keenly about him, and yet everything was so novel and surprising, that he felt scarcely able to trust to his own impressions. It was the strangest position surely in which a popular agitator, a preacher of democracy and revolution, a

special pleader against the rich, ever was.

"We have not many neighbors," Lady Markham said. "That is Lord Westland's property beyond the church. You can see Westland Towers from the turn of the road. And there are the Trevors on the other side of the parish."

"A whole parish," said Spears, "divided between three families."

"The Trevors have very little," said Lady Markham. "Sir William is the chief proprietor. But they are a very good family. Admiral Trevor—you must have heard of him—was once a popular hero. He did a great many daring things I have heard, but fame gets forgotten like other things. He lives very quietly now, an old man—"

"The oldest man that ever was," said Alice. "Fancy, it was in Napoleon's time he was so famous—the great Napoleon—before even *old* people were born."

"Before I was born," said Lady Markham, with her soft laugh; "that is something like saying before the Flood. Then there is the vicar, of course, and a few people of less importance. It is easy to go over a country neighborhood."

"And what do you call the people in all these cottages, my lady? The world was not made for them as it is for you. These would be the neighbors I should think of. When I hear of your three families in the parish, I wonder what all these roofs mean. Are they not flesh and blood too? Don't they live and have things happen to them as well as you fine folks? If they were cleared away out of the place, what would become of your parish, my lady? Could you get on all the same without them that you make no account of them? These are the houses where I should feel at home, among the poor cottagers whom you don't even know about—"

"Mamma—no know about them!" cried Alice. "Why it is our own village! Do you think because it is a mile away that makes any difference? Why, it is our own village, Mr. Spears."

"I dare say," said the revolutionary—"your own village. Perhaps they pay you rent for suffering them to live there, and allowing them to do all the work of the world and keep everything going—"

"Hush, Alice," said Lady Markham. "Perhaps Mr. Spears does not understand a little country village. They are often not at all fond of doing the work, and they do not much like to pay their rent; but we know them very well for

that matter. I could tell you all about them, every house. To be sure we have not the same kind of intercourse with them as with our equals."

"Ah, that is the whole question, Lady Markham. Pardon me; I am not your equal, and yet you let me sit in your fine carriage and talk to you. No, I am not a bit humble; I feel myself the equal of any man. There is nobody in the world whom I will acknowledge my superior—in my dignity as a man."

Lady Markham made him a little bow; it was her way when she did not know what to say. "One does not need to be told," she said, "that you are a very superior man, Mr. Spears; quite equal to talk with anybody, were it the greatest philosopher." Here she stopped short in a little embarrassment. "But we are all very simple, ignorant country people," she added with a smile, "about here."

"Ah, you are very clever, my lady. You beg the question."

"Do I?" said Lady Markham. "I wonder what that means. But now we are just arriving at the place for the picnic. When my boy comes up I will make him take you to the most beautiful point of view. There is a waterfall which we are very proud of, and now when everything is in the first green of spring—Paul!" she cried, "come and get your directions. I want Mr. Spears to see the view."

"Your mother is something I don't understand, Markham," said the demagogue. "I never came across that kind of woman before."

"Didn't you?" said Paul. He was ready to be taught on other points, but not on this. "You see the bondage we live in," said the young man. "Luxury, people call it; to me it seems slavery. Oh, to be free of all this folly and finery—to feel one's self a man among men, earning one's bread, shaping one's own life—"

"Ah!" said Spears, drawing a long breath. He could not be unaffected by what was an echo of his own eloquence. "But there's a deal to say, too, for the other side."

CHAPTER III.

THE Markhams of the Chase were one of the most important families in the county, as has been already intimated. They owned three parts at least of the parish (for my Lord Westland was a new man, who had bought, not inherited, that property, and all that the Trevors had

was their house and park and a few fields that did not count), and a great deal more besides. It was generally said that they had risen into importance as a family only at the time of the Commonwealth, but their pedigree extended far beyond that. In the former generation the family had not been fortunate. Sir William Markham himself had been born the third son, and in his youth he had been absent from England, and had "knocked about the world," as people say, in a way which had no doubt enlarged his experiences and made him perhaps more fit for the responsibilities of public life in which he had been so fortunate. He had succeeded on the death of his second brother when he was over thirty, and it was not till ten years later that he married.

It had occasioned some surprise in the neighborhood when Isabel Fleetwood, who was a great beauty, and had made quite a sensation, it was said, in her first season, accepted the middle-aged and extremely sedate and serious little baronet. He was not handsome; he had no sympathy with the gay life into which she had been plunged by her brother and aunt, who were her only guardians; and the world, always pleased to believe that interested motives are involved, and fond of prophesying badly of a marriage, concluded almost with one voice that it was the ambitious aunt and the extravagant brother who had made it up, and that the poor girl was sacrificed. But this was as great a mistake as the world ever made. Perhaps it would be wrong to assert that the marriage was a romantic one, and that the beautiful girl under twenty was passionately in love with her little statesman. Perhaps her modest, tranquil disposition, her dislike to the monotonous whirl of fashion, and her sense of the precarious tenure by which she held her position in her brother's house, her only home (he married immediately after she did, as everybody knows, and did not conceal the fact that it was necessary to get rid of his sister before venturing upon a wife), had something to do with her decision. But she had never shown any signs of regretting it through all these years. Sir William was neither young nor handsome, but he was a man whose opinion was listened to wherever it was given, whose voice commanded the attention of the country, whose name was known over Europe. And this in some cases affects a young imagination as much as the finest moustache in the world, or the most distinguished stature. She was not clever,

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but she was a woman of that gracious nature, courteous, tolerant, and sympathetic, which is more perfect without the sharpness of intellect. Nothing that was unkind was possible to her. She had no particular imagination, in the common sense of the word, but she had a higher gift, the moral imagination (so to speak) which gave her an exquisite understanding of other people's feelings, and made her incapable of any injury to them. This made Lady Markham the very ideal of a great lady. As for Sir William, he held his place more firmly than ever with such a partner by his side. They were the happiest couple in the county, as well as the most important. Not only did you meet the best of company at their house, but the sight of a husband and wife so devoted to each other was good for you, everybody said. They were proud of each other, as they had good reason to be: she listened to him as to an oracle, and his tender consideration for her was an example to all. Everything had gone well with the Markhams. They were rich, and naturally inheritances and legacies and successions of all kinds fell to them, which made them richer. Their children were the healthiest and most thriving children that had ever been seen. Alice promised to be almost as pretty as her mother, and Paul was *not* short like Sir William. Thus fortune had favored them on every side.

About a year before the date of this history, a cloud—like that famous cloud no bigger than a man's hand—had floated up upon the clear sky, almost too clear in unshadowed well-being, over this prosperous house. It was nothing—a thing which most people could have laughed at, a mere reminder that even the Markhams were not to have everything their own way. It was that Paul, a model boy at school, had suddenly become—wild? Oh no! not wild, that was not the word: indeed it was difficult to know what word to use. He had begun as soon as he went to Oxford by having opinions. He had not been six months there before he was known at the Union and had plunged into all the politico-philosophical questions afloat in that atmosphere of the absolute. This was nothing but what ought to have been in the son of a statesman; but unfortunately to everything his father believed and trusted, Paul took the opposite side. He took up the highest republican principles, the most absolute views as to the equality of the human race. That, though it somewhat horrified

his mother and sister, produced at first very little effect upon Sir William, who laughed and informed his family that Johnny Shotover had held precisely the same views when he was an undergraduate, though now he was Lord Rightabout's secretary and as sound a politician as it was possible to desire. "It is the same as the measles," Sir William said. Paul, however, had a theoretical mind and an obstinate temper: he was too logical for life. As soon as he had come to the conviction that all men are equal he took the further step which costs a great deal more, and decided that there ought to be equality of property as well as of right. This made Sir William half angry, though it amused him. He bade his son not to be a fool.

"What would become of you," he cried, "you young idiot!" using language not at all Parliamentary, "if there was a redistribution of property? How much do you think would fall to your share?"

"As much as I have any right to, sir," the young revolutionary said.

And then Lady Markham interposed, and assured Paul that he was talking nonsense.

"Why should you take such foolish notions into your head? No one of your family ever did so before. And can you really imagine," she asked with gentle severity, "that you are a better judge of such matters than your papa?" but neither did this powerful argument convince the unreasonable boy.

There was one member of the family, however, who was affected by Paul's arguments, and this was his sister. Alice was dazzled at once by the magnanimity of his sentiments and by his eloquence. Altogether independent of this, she was, as a matter of course, his natural partisan and defender, always standing up for Paul, with a noble disregard for the right or the wrong in question, which is a characteristic of girls and sisters. (For, Alice justly argued, if he was wrong, he had all the more need for some one to stand up for him.) But in this case her mind was, if not convinced, at least dazzled and imposed upon by the grandeur of this new way of thinking. She would not admit it to Paul, and indeed maintained with him a pretence of serious opposition, arguing very feebly for the most part, though sometimes dealing now and then, all unaware of its weight, a sudden blow under which the adversary staggered, and in the success of which Alice rejoiced without seeing very clearly how it was that one

argument should tell so much more than another. But at heart she was profoundly touched by the generosity and nobleness of her brother's views. Such a sweeping revolution would not be pleasant. To be brought down from her own delightful place, to be no longer Miss Markham of the Chase, but only a little girl on the same level with her maid, was a thing she could not endure to think of and which brought the indignant blood to her cheek. "That you could never do," she cried; "you might take away our money, but you could never make gentlefolk into common people." This was one of the hits which found out a joint in Paul's armor, but unaware of that Alice went on still more confidently. "You *know* good blood makes all the difference—you cannot take that from us. People who have ancestors as we have can never be made into nobodies." At which her brother scoffed and laughed, and bade her remember that old Brown had quite as many grandfathers as they, and was descended from Adam as certainly as the queen was. "And Harry Fleetwood," said this defiler of his own nest, "do you call him an example of the excellence of blood?" Poor Alice was inclined to cry when her disreputable cousin was thus thrown in her teeth. She clung to her flag and fought for her caste like a little heroine. But when Paul was gone she owed to her mother that there was a great deal in what he said. It was very noble as Paul stated it. When he asked, with lofty indignation, "What have I done to deserve all I have got? I have taken the trouble to be born,"—Alice felt in her heart that there was no answer to this plea. "My dear," Lady Markham said, "think how foolish it all is; does he know better than your papa and all the men that have considered the subject before him?" "It may be silly," said Alice, changing her argument, "but it is very different from other young men. They all seem to think the world was made for them; and if Paul is wrong it is finer than being right like *that*." This was a fanciful plea which moved Lady Markham, and to which she could make no reply. She shook her head and repeated her remark about Paul's presumption in thinking himself wiser than papa; but she too was affected by the generosity and magnanimity which seemed the leading influences of the creed so warmly adopted by her boy.

This was the state of semi-warfare, not serious enough to have caused real pain, but yet a little disquieting in respect to

Paul's future, when the event occurred which has been recorded in the two last chapters. The ladies saw more of the strange companion whom Paul had brought with him than they generally saw of ordinary visitors. He had no letters to write, nor calls to make, nor private occupations of any kind; neither had he sufficient understanding of the rules of society to know that guests are expected to amuse themselves, and not to oppress with their perpetual presence the ladies of the house. What he wanted, being as it were a traveller in an undiscovered country, was to study the ways of the house, and the women of it, and the manner of their life. And as he was so original as not to know any body they knew, Lady Markham in her politeness was led to invent all kinds of subjects of conversation, upon which, without exception, Mr. Spears found something to say. He assailed them on all points with the utmost frankness. He sat (on the edge of his chair) and watched Lady Markham at her worsted work, and found fault even with that.

"You spend a great deal of time over it," he said; "and what do you mean to do with it?"

This was the second evening, and they had become quite accustomed to Spears.

"I am not quite sure, to tell the truth. It is for a cushion—probably I shall put it on that sofa, or it will do for a window-seat somewhere, or——"

"There are three cushions on the sofa already, and all the window-seats are as soft as down-beds. You are doing something that will not be of any use when it is done, and that, excuse me, is not very pretty, and that takes up a great deal of your time."

"Show Mr. Spears your work, Alice; he will like that better. Everybody is severe now upon these poor abandoned Berlin wools. Now, Mr. Spears, that pattern came from the School of Art Needlework. It was drawn by somebody very distinguished indeed. It is intended to elevate the mind as well as to occupy the fingers. You cannot but be pleased with that."

"What is it for?" said the critic.

"I—scarcely know; for a screen, I think—part of a screen, you know, Mr. Spears, to keep off the fire——"

"Ah!—no, I don't know. Among the people I belong to, Miss Alice, there is no need of expedients to keep off the fire. Sometimes there is no fire to have even a look at. I've known poor creatures wan-

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dering into the streets when the gas was lighted, because it was warm there. The gas in the shop-windows was all the fire they had a chance of. Did you ever see a little wretched room all black of a winter's night? Black—there's no blackness like that; it is blacker than the crape you all put on when your people die."

"No; she has never seen it," cried Lady Markham. "I did once in our village at home before I was married. Oh, Mr. Spears, I know! it made me cold for years after. No, thank God, Alice has never seen it. We take care there is nothing like that here — But," she added after a pause, "I don't like to say anything unkind; but, Mr. Spears, after all, it was their own fault."

"Ah, my lady! you that make screens to keep off the fire, do you never do what is wrong? you that are cushioned at every angle, and never know what a hard seat is, or a hard bed, or a harsh look, or a nip of frost, or a pinch of hunger—do you always do what is right? You ought to. You are like angels, with everything beautiful round you; and you look like angels, and you ought to be what they are said to be; but, if instead of all this pretty nonsense you had misery and toil around you, and ugliness, and discord, and quarrelling, would it be wonderful if you went astray sometimes, and gave the other people, the warm, wealthy, well-clothed people, reason to say it was your own fault? Great God!" cried the orator, jumping up. "Why should we be sitting here in this luxury, with everything that caprice can want, and waste our lives working impossible flowers upon linen rags, while they are starving, and perishing, and sinning for want, trying for the hardest work, and not getting it? Why should there be such differences in life?"

"This is not the place to ask such a question, Spears," said Paul. "You forget that we are the very people who are taking the bread out of the mouths of our brothers. We, and such as we —"

"Hold your tongue, Markham," said the orator. "Do you think it is as easy as that? Don't take any notice of him, my lady. He's young, and he knows no better. He thinks that if he were able to give up all your estates to the people, justice would be done. That is all he knows. Stuff! we could do it all by a rising if it were as easy as that. You young ass," the man continued, filling the ladies with resentment more warm than when he had

denounced them all, "don't you see it's a deal better in the hands of your father and mother, that take some thought of the people, than with a beast of a shoddy millionaire, who cares for nothing on this earth but money? I beg your pardon," he added, with a smile, "for introducing such a subject at all; but sometimes it gets too much for me. I remember the things I've seen. I would not treat lilies in that way, Miss Alice, if I were putting them on wood."

"Oh!" cried Alice, with tears in her eyes; "how can you care about a pattern after what you have been saying?" His eloquence had moved her so much that she felt disposed to fling her pattern away. "What can one do? How can one help it?" she said, below her breath, appealing to him with her heart in her eyes.

"I don't like the pattern," said Spears. "If I were going to put it on wood, I'd treat it so—and so." To illustrate his meaning he made lines with his thumb nail upon her satin. "I'd turn the leaves this way, and the bud so. They should not be so stiff—or else they should be stiffer."

"They are conventionally treated, Mr. Spears," said Lady Markham, "and you don't treat anything conventionally, neither our patterns, nor your friends."

She had not forgotten that he had called her son Paul, and "you young ass" was still tingling in her ears. Paul took it, however, with the greatest composure as a matter of course.

Spears burst into a great good-humored laugh.

"I beg your pardon, my lady. We don't mind how we talk to young fellows. I'd have it as conventional, or more, Miss Alice. This falls between two stools. The lily's a glorious thing when you enter into it. Look at the ribs of it, as strong as steel, though they are all sheathed in something smoother than satin. And every curl of the petal is full of vigor and life. I used to think till you drew it or carved it, you never could understand what that means — 'Consider the lilies of the field.' There they stand, nobody taking any trouble about them, and come out of the earth built like a tower, or a ship, anything that's strong and full of grand curves and sweeping lines. Now the fault I find with *that*, is, that you never would come to understand it a bit better if you worked a hundred of them. If I had a knife and a bit of wood —"

"Do you carve wood, Mr. Spears?"

"Do I carve wood?" he laughed as Lord Lytton might have laughed had he been asked whether he wrote novels. Did not all the world know it? The ignorance of this pretty little lady was not insulting but amusing, showing how far she was out of the world, and how little in this silent country house they knew what was going on. "Yes—a little," he said, with again a laugh. It tickled him. Her mother had not known who Spears was—Spears the orator—the reformer—the enemy of her order—and now here was this girl who asked with that inimitable innocence, "Do you carve wood?" He was amused beyond measure. "But I could not bring a lily like that out of the softest deal," he said, "it would break its back and lie flat—it has no anatomy. If I had a pencil—"

Alice, who was full of curiosity and interest, here put the desired pencil into his hand, and he sat down at the nearest table, and with many contortions of his limbs and contractions of his lips, as if all his body was drawing, produced in bold black lines, a tall lily with a twist of bindweed hanging about its lovely powerful stalk, like strength and weakness combined. "That is as near nature as you can do it without seeing it," he said, pleased with the admiration his drawing called forth. "But if I were to treat it conventionally I'd split the lily, and lay it flat, without light and shadow at all. I should not make a thing which is neither one nor the other, like your pattern there."

This was the way in which the man talked, assailing them on every side, interesting them, making them angry, keeping them in commotion and amusement. Lady Markham said that it had never cost her so much to be civil to any one; but she was very civil to him, polite, and sometimes even gracious. He stayed three days, and though she uttered a heartfelt thanksgiving when the dog-cart in which Paul drove him to the railway disappeared down the avenue, "Thank heaven, he is gone, and your papa only comes back to-morrow!" Lady Markham herself did not deny their strange visitor justice. "But," she said, "now he is gone, let as little as possible be said about him. I do not want to conceal anything from your papa, but I am sure he will not be pleased when he hears of it. For Paul's sake, let as little as possible be said. I will mention it, of course, but I will not dwell upon it. It is much better that little should be said."

From Blackwood's Magazine.
SYRIA.

AMONG THE DRUSES.

THE traveller whose experience of Syria has been confined to its seaboard, and who has been contented to gaze at the snow-clad summits or barren-looking spurs of the Lebanon from the deck of a steamer or the veranda of a Beyrout hotel, can form no conception of the gems of scenery which lie buried in the wildest recesses of the range, and of the peculiar charm which its more remote and inaccessible valleys possess. Even the road which traverses the mountains from Beyrout to Damascus fails to convey any adequate idea of the country which is to be found on either side of it, and which can only be explored by those prepared to encounter the hardships and discomforts which must always attend travel in a region where highways and hotels are unknown. In the first journey which I undertook in the Lebanon these inconveniences were, however, reduced to a minimum, and I was fortunate in visiting one of its most interesting and beautiful districts under auspices exceptionally favorable. One of the most powerful and well known of the Druse chiefs invited me to pay him a visit; and as he was about to entertain H.M.'s consul-general for Syria, the latter was so good as to propose that I should form one of his party, an offer which I thankfully accepted.

It was on a hot afternoon last April that we left Beyrout by the Damascus road in two carriages, traversing for a couple of hours the productive and beautiful gardens which surround the city, until we came to the spot where further progress in wheeled vehicles became impossible, and we found our horses waiting to carry us up the steep mountain-path which led to our night-quarters. We wound upwards through groves of olives and mulberries, — through gardens where peaches and apricots were in full bloom, where the fig-trees gave promise of a luscious harvest, where the whole atmosphere was redolent of the delicious odors of orange and lemon trees white with blossom; along terraces where grain-crops were waving, and the dark green of scattered pine-trees contrasted with the brighter foliage; across sparkling rills of purest water gushing from the hillsides, where women were filling their water-jars before nightfall; while the view of the rich plain we had left, bathed in a sunset

haze, grew ever more extended as we mounted higher, and the tints which played over it more exquisitely soft and varied as the rays became more widely diffused.

We were now entering the essentially Druse district of Esh-shuf, which is governed by a carinakam appointed by the governor-general of the Lebanon, selected from among the leading Druse families, and who is recognized as the official head of the Druses in the Lebanon. The present occupant of this important position is the emir Mustapha Ruslan, still a young man, and the head of a family which, if it does not wield the most powerful influence in the Lebanon, enjoys the distinction, where questions of precedence are involved, of ranking above all others by virtue of the title of emir which is vested in the head of the house—a circumstance which no doubt largely influenced the governor-general in making the appointment.

We were to pass the night at the residence of this high functionary; and as we approached the village of Ain Anub, or "Fountain of Palms," in which his house is situated, he came out to meet us, riding a handsome Arab gaily caparisoned, and accompanied by about twenty mounted retainers and village notables.

The path was so rocky and narrow that we could only scramble along it in single file; and as we approached the village, it was bordered with roses and pomegranates. The villagers came out to meet us in the dusk, standing in a row, and touching the ground in low salutation as we passed, until we pulled up at the archway which formed the entrance to our host's abode—an extensive two-storeyed building, built against the steep hillside, the flat roofs of the lower apartments forming terraces on which the upper or principal rooms opened. These terraces commanded a wonderful view of coast-line and fertile valleys, and of Beyrout itself, with its gardens on one side and sandhills on the other, stretching out on its promontory seaward.

The reception-room, fitted with divans, was soon filled with a crowd of visitors, consisting of the sheikhs of the neighboring villages, who had come here to make the consul-general acquainted with their views in regard to certain questions of internal politics in which they were interested. Ever since the Druse nation was saved from extinction by British intervention and the firmness and skill of Lord Dufferin, they have looked upon the En-

glish as their natural protectors and allies. I have met individual Druses travelling in other parts of Syria who, finding I was an Englishman, at once called themselves countrymen; and they are generally considered, both by Christians and Moslems, to be identified to a peculiar extent with the British—hence the influence of the British consul, if judiciously wielded, can be all powerful; and they naturally come to him as their guide, philosopher, and friend, to expound their grievances if they have any, to make known their wishes, and if there is any internal question or difference of opinion among themselves, to endeavor to enlist him on their side. The matter which on this occasion they came to discuss was evidently one which interested them warmly; but they approached it somewhat circuitously, and only after a long preamble consisting chiefly of compliments. Three or four of the principal speakers rang the changes on these for some time, skillfully drawing nearer to the point by degrees, like the sportsman who tries to approach an animal by going round it with constantly diminishing circles, hoping thereby to lull the suspicions of his prey until he has got within shot. With a little practice these Druses would make first-rate diplomats; and I would suggest to the Foreign Office whether, considering how much need there is in that department of the special qualities which the Druses possess in so eminent a degree, it might not be advantageously recruited from this source. Under a boid, frank, manly exterior, they conceal the utmost subtlety and cunning, and have a captivating way of deceiving which quite redeems it from anything base or unworthy. They are indebted to their religion for this art, and from early youth are trained to economize truth, and to dissemble both with Moslem and Christian in respect to their creed. They have one moral standard in their dealings with each other, and another which governs their intercourse with the rest of the world. Dissimulation is recognized by their religion as a laudable acquirement, and the necessity for it has doubtless been forced upon them by the peculiarity of their position. A mere handful of believers in tenets which, if they were generally known, would expose them to attack and persecution, they have learned to become all things to all men, and even profess a sort of Mohammedanism among Moslems, just as they would with equal readiness profess Christianity did circum-

stances require it, whilst they were secretly nourishing a supreme contempt for both religions. They have a proverb which exactly expresses this tendency: "A man's shirt," they say, "does not change the color of his skin." Hence they can transform the seeming of the outward man with great facility; but it is very difficult to see beneath the shirts and to discover the color of the moral epidermis. From the extremely bold and independent character of the race, it is probable that were they powerful enough, they would scorn the devices to which an instinct of self-preservation has driven them to resort. Their Jesuitism, not having proselytism for its object, is not so much an inherent trait of their character as a growth upon it, and differs from that of Christians, who practice arts of this description in the name of religion, as the cunning of the wild animal does from that of the poacher, who is setting snares for him. We can excuse, and even admire, the one, while we have no sympathy with the other. Thus a Druse, though he may be as wily as a fox, is the very opposite of a sneak, and his bold eye and open and almost defiant countenance are evidence that he attaches no idea of shame to proficiency in the arts of deception which he practises. Our friends at Ain Anub, when they did get to the point, seemed to think that a great deal was to be done by a constant reiteration of it. After one chief had made his statement, which you felt meant something more than it openly expressed, another one would suddenly seem struck with an entirely new notion, and make identically the same statement in slightly varied language, with the same innuendo at the back of it; and this would go all round the circle, until, out of the slight variations, it dawned upon one what the hidden idea, to which none of them had given plain utterance, really was. As I listened to them, it occurred to me that these men would not merely do for diplomatists, but would make excellent members of Parliament, and even Cabinet ministers. Their faculty for saying one thing while meaning another, or for meaning more or less than they said as circumstances might require, was equal to anything I ever heard from the treasury bench, while they possessed that imperturbability of countenance and immobility of expression which so many distinguished Parliamentary leaders have vainly struggled to acquire.

I was for some time a most interested listener, and was peculiarly struck by the

fine *physique* and proud bearing of many of the sheikhs. They kept hammering away at the same point so much, that latterly I got somewhat bored; but possibly that was the best way of carrying it. The patience of our consul-general seemed, however, inexhaustible; and as his experience in the mountain has been great, he understood exactly what they were driving at, and they probably obtained as much satisfaction as was deemed desirable. We sat down ten to dinner, which our host served to us in European style, his *chef* evidently being an artist of some pretensions; and our sleeping accommodation was equally civilized. Unfortunately it came on to blow a *khamsin* in the night, and the heat was insufferable—the hot wind whistling through every crevice, and so withering us up, that in the morning we felt disinclined for any exertion, and decided upon postponing our departure till next day. This was a great opportunity for the sheikhs, who came and rehearsed the scene of the evening before over again. The only way to pass the day was to lie and pant in the shade, and look at the view; but in the afternoon I mustered energy enough to mount my horse and ride up to the village of Shimlan, situated near the top of the range, about three thousand feet above the sea-level, and commanding a still more magnificent prospect. Here one of the largest silk-factories in the Lebanon is in full operation, and I was glad of the opportunity of examining the process. Unfortunately, the cocoon, which once gave the Lebanon silk its great superiority, no longer exists, and has been replaced by those introduced from Japan, which are larger in size but inferior in texture to those which have suffered extinction. Still, the silk industry is almost the only one in the province which is flourishing, and is indeed the staple product of the country. Its manufacture furnishes employment to some six thousand hands, to say nothing of the agricultural labor involved in the growth of mulberry-trees, the picking of the leaves, and so forth.

Our road next morning lay across the ridge down into the valley of the Damur, which flows through a wild gorge towards the sea. We now lost sight of the coast, and our gaze wandered instead over the lovely valley beneath us, with villages nestling amid brightly varied foliage, or clinging to the sides of rugged rocks, their flat roofs sometimes supported by pillars and resting on arches, which gave

them a peculiar and often elegant appearance. We descended into the gorge by a steep and very bad road, and then crossed the river — which here wildly dashes between overhanging crags — by a picturesque bridge called Jisr el Kadi. We met an old lady on it closely veiled, riding astride on a donkey, who, recognizing the leaders of our party, screamed out in a cracked voice, "God bless the father of the Druses! God bless England and give her victory!" with many other warm expressions of goodwill. Indeed, I found the Druse women far more eager politicians than Eastern females usually are, and very demonstrative in their way of expressing their sympathies. The hillsides were carpeted with wild flowers, among the most beautiful and conspicuous of which was the cyclamen in various shades, and growing in great abundance. Anemones, asphodel, iris, broom, and many other flowers were in full bloom, and the air was fragrant with scent. Near the river I observed a quantity of myrtle. Clambering up the side of the opposite hill, we soon reached a spring in an olive grove, which had been fixed upon as our mid-day resting-place; and here we enjoyed that delightful hour of repose, the pleasures of which are familiar to every traveller who has ridden much in hot countries. The only drawback to it is that it has an end, and that a moment comes when one has once more to face the sun and the fatigue. We climbed another ridge, and descended upon a valley more thickly populated and richly cultivated than the one we had left — one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most fertile, districts in the Lebanon. When one has been riding, as I had for some weeks previously, over the barren hills and wretched cultivation of thinly-populated Palestine, it is impossible not to be struck by the contrast which the Lebanon presents, and which points its own moral.

The comparative prosperity which the country enjoys is clearly to be attributed to the administrative concessions which were granted to the Lebanon after the massacres. No doubt the population is more civilized and enterprising than in many other parts of the Turkish empire, and their industrious habits are largely due to the fact that the area is so limited, and so thickly peopled, that every foot of land has to be cultivated; but, apart from this, there is a material wellbeing apparent, which is the result of the special privileges which have been granted to the

people, and which exempts them from that vexatious interference from Constantinople that paralyzes good government in so many of the other provinces of Turkey. The baleful influence of the corrupt centre thus extends to the extremities, and all efforts of the local authorities, however well intended, to reform abuses, are neutralized by the intrigues of those who fatten upon such abuses, and share the plunder which they derive from them with influential politicians at Constantinople. No sooner is this most unhealthy bond of union severed than the province thus disconnected begins to improve. Under the rule of even a tolerably good governor, its industries begin to revive, flagrant abuses, no longer protected at headquarters, are remedied, and the people, masters to some extent of their own destinies, enjoy a security of life and property to which they have heretofore been strangers, and which encourages their spirit of enterprise. These signs of prosperity were conspicuously apparent as we approached the large town of Der el Kamur, which lays claim to the distinction of being the capital of the Lebanon. It is situated on a steep hillside, but every inch of the slope is terraced and cultivated with vines, mulberries, fig and other fruit trees, and grain. There is not enough corn raised, however, to supply the wants of the population. The town contains from seven to eight thousand inhabitants, and the houses were superior in construction and architecture generally to anything I had yet seen in the Lebanon. In former days Der el Kamur was a great Druse centre; but the Druses were driven out of it at the time of the massacres, and have now established their headquarters at Baaklin, a village six or seven miles distant, and just hidden from view by the ridge of the other side of the valley. Although in the middle of a Druse district, Der el Kamur is almost exclusively Maronite, and was in a great state of ferment on the day of our arrival, for news had just been received of the pardon, under very humiliating conditions, of one of their leading bishops, who had been exiled about a year before by the governor-general, Rustem Pasha, for intriguing against his government, and making himself generally obnoxious. As the entire Maronite population in the Lebanon only numbers about a hundred and fifty thousand souls, and as their spiritual welfare is confided to one patriarch, ten bishops, and some seven or eight thousand monks and priests, it may be readily imagined that the ecclesiastical

pot is kept perpetually on the boil, and that a large supply of hot water is always gushing forth from this disproportionately large clerical reservoir. It is an indisputable fact, and one susceptible of verification by any one who likes to take the trouble, that throughout both European and Asiatic Turkey, just in proportion as the clerical element preponderates in a Christian community, whether it be Catholic or Greek, are intrigues rampant, are quarrels instigated, and atrocities perpetrated. Where the proportion is so very large as in the Lebanon, even a massacre becomes possible; and although upon the last occasion the slaughter recoiled upon those who instigated it, they do not seem to have taken warning. But the old fanatical influences are still at work, and are a source of endless trouble and difficulty to the unfortunate governor-general, even though, as in the case of the Lebanon, he must be himself a Christian; and when he manifests impartiality, he is accused of impiety, while his attempts to control the passions of his fellow-Christians are stigmatized as treachery to a religion which professes to be one of brotherly love.

There has probably never been a governor-general of the Lebanon who has displayed greater firmness, tact, and impartiality than Rustem Pasha, the present occupant of that high office, and he has consequently to struggle against the whole clerical influence of the country. His task is rendered doubly difficult from the fact that the Maronites are under a special French protectorate; and although the present government of France is not disposed to exercise its influence in favor of clericalism, the whole Catholic party in France is always ready to espouse the cause of the Maronite priesthood, doubtless from conscientious though mistaken motives; and this strong sympathy is apt to develop political consequences which call for the exercise of the greatest tact and moderation on the part of the diplomatic agents both of France and England in this quarter. Fortunately, when a healthy understanding exists, as has been the case for some time past, between the governor-general of the Lebanon and the consuls-general of England and France, these disturbing influences can be controlled,—for the population, when not worked upon by their priests, desire nothing more than to be allowed to live in peace and harmony with their Druse and Moslem neighbors; and it is wonderful, considering the violence of the passions

which were aroused less than twenty years ago, and the scenes of bloodshed to which they gave rise, how much good feeling existed among the peasantry, in spite of the never-ceasing efforts of their spiritual advisers to destroy it. This arises possibly from the fact that, with an increase of prosperity, the influence of the priesthood is somewhat on the wane; while the unblushing effrontery with which they amass wealth, and drain the country for the maintenance of their ecclesiastical establishments, does not tend to increase their popularity. In Der el Kamur there was a decided clerical and anti-clerical party; and although the clerical party was the strongest—for the residence of the aggrieved bishop was in the immediate neighborhood of the town, and his local influence was therefore considerable—I was surprised, on conversing on the matter with some of its inhabitants, to find how very decidedly his conduct was condemned, and how warmly the action of the governor-general was supported.

We were met before entering the town by a mounted deputation, who formed an escort. Among the notables were several who spoke French, and there was altogether an air of civilization about the place which one hardly expected to find in a remote valley of the Lebanon. A good carriage-road, about two miles long, connects Der el Kamur with the palace of Beteddin, the summer residence of the governor-general, who, unfortunately for us, was absent on the occasion of our visit. The town and the palace stand facing each other on opposite sides of the valley. Both are about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the view of each from the other is strikingly picturesque. The rambling palace of Beteddin is perched on a projecting promontory, and forms an imposing object as one ascends to it from the bottom of the valley. As we clattered up to the gateway we received quite a magnificent reception: two hundred men—all Lebanon militia, but as well set up and uniformed as any line regiment—were drawn up, and presented arms as we passed into the large outer court, which is at once a parade-ground and principal entrance to the palace; round it are barracks for six hundred men, prisons, the military store departments, and various offices. Passing through a gateway ornamented with frescoes and mosaic work, we enter another court-yard, and here I was strongly reminded of the old palace

of the Tartar khans at Bagtche Serai, in the Crimea. It was surrounded by apartments and galleries, and a fountain played in the middle—indeed there was a wealth of water everywhere throughout the palace; then we passed through still another gateway more elaborately decorated with carving and arabesque work, which led us into an inner court. This had formerly been the harem, but the governor-general had made it his private apartments and reception rooms. Here we were entertained with coffee and sherbet by the officer in command of the troops, and we talked over the politics of the Lebanon past and present, and of the history of the palace, and its builder in particular. As it is little more than fifty years since it was completed, this history does not go very far back, and the influence of the stirring events of which it was the scene still strongly colors the politics of "the mountain." The Druses, like the Highlanders of Scotland, with whom they have many national characteristics in common, are essentially feudal, and their history resolves itself into a record of perpetual struggles for supremacy between rival chiefs or heads of clans. During the last century the two most powerful families in the Lebanon were the Shehab and Jumbelât. In those days it used to be said that the Shehab were the brains, the Jumbelât the purse, and another family, distinguished for its valor in war, the sword of the Druses. The Shehab are said originally to have come from the Hauran in the time of the Crusaders, and to have settled at Hasbeya, on the slopes of Mount Hermon, where they acquired great power and influence. About two hundred years ago they moved to this part of the Lebanon, and took an active share in the clan warfare which was continually going on between the principal families. By degrees they acquired an almost paramount influence, and in 1789 the since celebrated emir Beshir, then chief of the family, was chosen as head sheikh of the Druses. At this time the authority of the Porte in the Lebanon was little more than nominal, and the Christians were unable to compete in warlike prowess with the Druses, who practically governed the country. As, however, the Druses were constantly fighting among themselves, the Maronites could always make their influence felt by allying themselves with one side or the other; and the emir Beshir, in order the better to conciliate them, professed to have strong Christian

tendencies, and allowed it even to be supposed that he was a thorough Christian at heart. His great rival was the Sheikh Beshir, of the Jumbelât family—a man who, in addition to his great natural gifts, possessed immense wealth, and wielded a corresponding influence. At first the emir Beshir found it to be for his interest to keep on good terms with his powerful rival, the sheikh Beshir, waiting for the day to come until his schemes were so far matured, and his power sufficiently consolidated, to take a line of his own. In furtherance of his project, he went to Egypt to seek the alliance of Ibrahim Pasha; and when this was secured, and he found himself able to defy his rival, the smouldering fire burst forth, and a fierce contest ensued, which was decided on a plain—I afterwards crossed where the final struggle took place—and the emir Beshir, assisted by the Egyptians, were victorious, and succeeded in capturing the sheikh Beshir, whom he sent as a prisoner to Acre, where he was strangled, and his property confiscated.

The Egyptians having thus, with the aid of the emir Beshir, obtained a foothold in the Lebanon, proceeded, in order to secure themselves there, to disarm the Druses; for although the sheikh Beshir had been conquered, a large party remained faithful to his cause, and vehemently opposed to the allies of the emir Beshir. In order to keep them in check, Ibrahim Pasha armed the Maronites, while the Turks instigated the Druses to revolt against the Egyptians, and the allies of Turkey supplied them with arms for this purpose. When the final struggle between the Turks and Egyptians culminated in the defeat of the latter, owing to the assistance rendered to the sultan by England, the emir Beshir, who had remained faithful to the Egyptians, was captured and sent as a prisoner to Malta in an English man-of-war. After this the Maronites and Druses took to murdering each other, which they continued to do with more or less energy until 1860, when the great massacres took place, and caused that intervention on the part of the western powers which resulted in the administrative autonomy of the Lebanon, and in the arrangement which has secured to this once turbulent region twenty years of comparative peace and prosperity. It was in the palmy days of the emir Beshir's rule that he built the palace of Beteddin, which, however, he only occupied for a few years after its completion, and soon after his capture it began to

fall into disrepair. His widow had no funds to keep it in order, and it was bought not very long ago by the Turkish government, and converted into the residence of the governor-general. The beautiful decorations in some of the rooms prove the emir Beshir to have been a man of taste. The marble carvings of the wainscotings are most elaborate and highly finished, bordered with arabesques and mosaic-work; while the ceilings are supported by light, graceful columns. At one end of the garden, cypresses and weeping-willows indicate the spot where the first wife of the emir lies buried; and near it is the Turkish bath, all in marble, now out of repair, but equal in decoration to anything of the kind to be found elsewhere. The garden and terraces command a magnificent view of the broad, winding valley, clothed with wood or terraced with vineyards. The extensive stables under the palace would afford luxurious accommodation for a whole cavalry regiment, though at present they are only occupied by about fifty dragons. All the military accoutrements are home made; and I saw some tailors actively at work on sewing-machines in the store department, which also contained the arms and ammunition for the force. It was a pleasure to be in a country where life and property are protected by the people themselves. The hateful Kurdish Zapteh and lawless Bashi-Bazouk are here unknown. All the mounted police are furnished by the Lebanon itself, are properly paid, and kept in strict discipline by the present governor-general. The taxes are so very much too light that the Lebanon is a financial burden to the Porte. The method of their collection is regulated by the conditions of "the settlements" arrived at after the massacres; the people are thus spared the infliction of the two curses of Turkish rule—the foreign policeman and the tax-gatherer.

On the top of the ridge behind Beteddin lies the small plain upon which the battle between the emir Beshir and the sheikh Beshir was fought. Here we were met by a deputation of horsemen from Mukhtara, led by the young sheikh Nejb Jumelât, the eldest grandson of the sheikh Beshir, and consequently the head of the family. He was a good-looking young man, mounted on a handsome Arab gorgeously caparisoned, but he apologized for the steeds of his retainers, as he said the best horses at this season of the year were all out at grass. This, however, did not prevent one of them from executing

an equestrian "fantasia" on the battle plain, to the great admiration of the rest of the company, as he was celebrated for his skill in horsemanship. Dashing forward at full gallop, he made his long lance whirl rapidly round the neck of his horse and his own body, till it spun like a Catherine wheel; then he twisted it with surprising rapidity round his own neck; then made it spin sideways, first on his right side and then on his left, keeping his horse meanwhile in full career, while both hands were more or less engaged in performing these feats with the lance, which he only once dropped in an effort to surpass himself. Some of these men are extremely expert in playing the *jeered*, and the game sometimes waxes earnest as hard knocks are given and received, but unfortunately they were not sufficiently well mounted to exhibit their skill and prowess on this occasion.

We now descended into another, and if possible more richly cultivated, valley than either of those we had already traversed, and the view from the top of the ridge before we commenced the descent was so striking as to compel a halt. At our feet, embedded in foliage and situated on the angle of a bold promontory, formed by the confluence of the two streams Awati and Kharabeh, stood the palace of Mukhtara, more imposing for situation, and more picturesque in its architecture than even Beteddin. Away to the right, its pointed crest streaked with snow, towering among the clouds to a height of sixty-one hundred feet, rose the lofty Tomat Niha; and on the plateau, about half-way up the mountain, lay the town of Yezzin. It is situated on the edge of a cliff, over which the stream which supplies the town with water precipitates itself in a fall of one hundred and fifty feet. We could see the thin white streak in the distance as it foamed down to join the Awati. This river, which is the ancient Bostrenus, falls into the sea about a mile to the north of Sidon. At its confluence with the Yezzin brook stand four columns of Egyptian granite, four feet thick and thirteen feet high, probably Phœnician. The main range of the Lebanon, averaging from five to six thousand feet in height, dotted here and there with stumps of fir or cedar, but otherwise rugged and barren, closed the prospect immediately in front of us. The whole view was gloriously illuminated by the setting sun; and the tinted roofs and white balconies of Mukhtara, crowded with spectators in anticipation of our

arrival, with its tributary villages nestling amid luxuriant foliage, gave an air of comfort and civilization to the scene, which contrasted most agreeably with the desolate-looking range behind. After a short and steep descent we reached the village of Yedeideh, where the whole population turned out and lined the roadside, welcoming us with low salutations; and then from the opposite side of the valley burst upon our ears the strange wild cadence of hundreds of voices chanting the song of welcome. Plunging down into the gorge, thickly wooded with oaks, poplars, and chestnut trees, we crossed the rushing torrent by a picturesque bridge; but its roar failed to deaden the chorus which was now approaching, as groups of men, singing and clapping their hands frantically, came crowding down to welcome us. As we wound up the zigzag path leading to the palace the scene became more and more dramatic in its effects. First heralding us with their triumphant shouts, as with the agility of mountaineers they sprang up the steep hillside, went the footmen. Then came the cavalcade with sword and spear and flowing robes of bright colors; and now groups of women in white veils, with only one eye exposed, came trooping down the village paths, to swell the procession and add their shrill greetings. When the piercing *salghoob* burst from some hundreds of female throats for the first time, one's immediate impression is that all the women in the place are being beaten by their husbands, for it ends in a kind of wail, hardly expressive of joy or triumph; but it acts upon the nerves of the men as the pibroch of a bagpipe does upon a Highlander, only, doubtless, far more effectively; and, indeed, these Druses are accustomed to be stimulated very much, not merely by the voices, but by the eye of beauty. It is true it is only one eye—a Druse woman never shows more than one eye—but probably from the fact that the rest of the face has to be judged by this single orb, they throw more expression into it than the Western female can concentrate in two; at all events, these Druse women certainly do play a very much more active part in affairs generally than women who hide their faces do elsewhere. No sooner did they set up their shrill screams than the men began to sing more madly, and clap their hands and fire off guns more wildly: as we passed beneath latticed windows more women looked out, and sprinkled rose-water over us, and made long shrill

speeches to us, which I could not understand, but which I am told consisted of blessings and praises; and a boy came and poured coffee under our horses' feet as a special mark of honor and respect; and so at last, half stunned with noise, we arrived under the lofty walls of Mukhtara. Built against the steep hill, it has a façade five storeys high, with curious projecting stone staircases, ascending from one story to the other on the outside, and a terrace and fountains on the fourth story, where light, graceful columns support the blue-domed roofs, and where a large crowd was now gathered, while the women were clustered like flies upon the balconies and stairs. Here we were met by the second brother, Nessib Bey, and conducted up to the terrace, where all the most distinguished neighbors were gathered, and where we were shown our sleeping apartments, and the preparations which had been made for our accommodation. On two sides of the large, quadrangular terrace were reception and dining rooms; in the centre of each was a fountain of the clearest water. On the third side were the sleeping apartments; while the fourth was open, and from its lofty elevation commanded a splendid view of the wild yet fertile valley. This court was surrounded by light columns, and in the centre of it was another fountain. We sat down to dinner, a party of fourteen. Besides the two brothers Jumbelat were several of the principal family retainers, and the spiritual chief of the Druses. To me this was the most interesting personage present; a man of not more than forty years of age, he is looked up to by the whole nation for his sagacity and personal piety. He was a silent, reserved man, of unusually dark complexion, a thoughtful brow, and extremely soft eye and gentle expression. There was a dignified repose of manner, a perfect self-possession, and, withal, a keenness of intelligence in his bearing which were well calculated to impose respect. Although he had been only recently appointed to fill the important position he occupied, he had already won golden opinions; and the fact that he owed his nomination chiefly to the influence of our own consul-general illustrates in a striking manner the exceptional position which England occupies among the Druses. When the occupant of this high office enjoys the respect and esteem of the nation, his authority among them becomes almost paramount; and it is important, therefore, that his personal relations with

the chief British political authority should be of a cordial nature. Though enjoying the highest consideration among the chief families of the Druses, it is not necessary that their religious head should be himself noble; on the contrary, this man's father, who had wielded immense influence in the same capacity, was of humble origin. He was universally beloved and regretted, having recently died at a great age. So far as I could judge, his son seemed likely to prove a most worthy successor. Though the appointments of the dinner-table were European, the repast itself was thoroughly characteristic. After soup came a whole sheep, stuffed with rice and seeds from the cone of the pine (it had been boiled in *leben*, or sour milk); then there was *consoussou*, or stuffed cucumbers; then egg-plant; also *farci*, with other preparations of meat and vegetables—all very palatable—and an excellent pudding. I observed that the sweet part of the repast seemed the most popular among the natives, who possessed a great capacity for disposing of it. After dinner came toasts, and the healths of the queen and the consul-general, and prosperity to the family of Jumbelât was drunk. The wife of the eldest son was at the moment in an interesting condition, and the hopes of the family were centred on the result. She had already had six children—four girls and two boys; but both the boys had died, and the family was without an heir. The anxiety of the whole neighborhood was intense on the subject. I therefore ventured to propose as a toast the health of the lady, and as I did not see that there was any reason why one should not drink to the health of a child not yet born, I coupled with it that of the infant. Perhaps it was somewhat premature to anticipate the sex, but I felt that the exigencies of the occasion required it,—and so we drank to the future son and heir. I am happy to say that we were fully justified in so doing by the result. When we went back into the courtyard we found that it was brilliantly illuminated with colored lanterns. The neighboring villages had responded to the display, and numerous lights twinkled among the foliage on the hillsides; while bonfires were lighted on their summits, to which we replied with a display of rockets.

Some more notables had arrived during dinner, and we found that a sort of *levée* was still to be held before we could seek repose. Over coffee and *narghills* we listened to their professions of devotion to England and to the Jumbelât family.

They were profuse in their expressions of esteem for Mr. Eldridge, our consul-general, and gratitude to him for the protection he had accorded, and the benefits he had been able to confer upon the house of Jumbelât; and they seemed most anxious to impress upon me, as a stranger, the great power and influence in the Lebanon of my hosts. Indeed, the Jumbelâts appear to occupy among the Druses very much the same position that the MacCallum More did in old time among the clans in the Highlands, and, like the Campbells, they have their rivals and enemies, and lose no occasion to strengthen themselves politically. They enjoy the special protection of England ever since Lord Dufferin rescued the family from beggary and ruin. The two brothers were then children; the once magnificent property of their grandfather, the sheikh Beshir, had, as I have already described, been confiscated; and after the massacres, the family seemed in a fair way to become altogether extinguished, when our high commissioner took compassion upon them, and succeeded in recovering some of their property, placing the lads under the special guardianship of the consul-general. From that time their affairs have been managed, and the young men themselves have been brought up, more or less under British supervision. They are now once more one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest, family in the Lebanon; and as they feel they owe it all to England, their devotion and gratitude are unbounded, and this sentiment extends naturally throughout the whole district, in which their influence is supreme. This accounts for the extreme cordiality of our reception, and for the warm demonstrations of goodwill of which we were the objects. In an interesting conversation which I had with the spiritual chief, he assured me that the Druses of the Hauran, together with those of the Lebanon, were one in sentiment; that they all acknowledged him as their religious superior; that in the Hauran they were as devoted to England as they are in the Lebanon, and that at any moment that the queen gave the word, they were ready to turn out twenty-five thousand fighting men who would go to war for her in any cause. The Druses in the Hauran are emigrants from the Lebanon, and went there because there was not room enough in the mountain for the whole Druse nation, as well as for the Maronites. They are about equal in numbers to those who remained, with whom they keep up a pretty

constant communication. The day may come when it may well be to remember that we have a warlike people in Syria absolutely devoted to us, and only longing to prove that devotion in acts. No doubt they believe that they would derive ultimate advantage from a cordial co-operation with England. All alliances are, in fact, based on this anticipation; but there are degrees of loyalty and degrees of fighting capacity, and England may look far before she would find a recruiting ground which could furnish so brave and loyal a contingent as the country of the Druses. So firmly are they penetrated with the closeness of their relations to England, that I was surprised to find how many knew a little English, that language being the only foreign tongue they ever learn. The brothers Jumbelât spoke and wrote it with ease.

The family now own about twenty villages, and can put into the field from five to six thousand fighting men. I was astonished to learn that about half their tenants and retainers were Christians. They were not to be distinguished from Druses except by the absence of the white turban, and joined in the manifestations of joy as heartily as the Druses themselves. One of the brothers told me that they were careful to make no distinction between Christians and Druses in their treatment of them—that they all lived most harmoniously together; and certainly, so far as demonstration went, the popularity of the family seemed unbounded among their own followers, whether Druse or Christian.

After the *levée* was over, the mother of our hosts came to pay us a visit. Indeed she was really our hostess, and controlled the affairs of the family. To her tact and ability, aided by British assistance, is largely due the restoration of its fallen fortunes; and it was easy to perceive, after a few moments' conversation, that she was by no means an ordinary person. She was dressed in Druse costume, cut away exceedingly in front—her ample bosom concealed by a gauze undergarment, and on her head a veil, one corner of which she held before her mouth, but evidently more from habit than from any real desire to conceal her features, her age and long intimacy with the consular rendering her somewhat indifferent in this respect. In her expressions of welcome and solicitude about our comfort, she did the honors as one accustomed to rule, and was *grand dame au bout des ongles*.

After the fatigue and excitement of so long a day, I was not sorry when at last the moment came for retiring to rest, though, as it turned out, that rest was destined to be of short duration; for about two o'clock in the morning I was awoken by a shrill scream, apparently from a room in the immediate neighborhood, which made me start in alarm lest some dreadful catastrophe had occurred. It was followed by another and another, and in a moment I recognized that it was the *zalghoobs*. I at once inferred that the expected event had occurred, and that it was a boy! Not for the birth of any female infant would the Druse women have set up such a scream of rejoicing: a girl indeed would have been considered a profound misfortune, and the congratulations which we were prepared to shower upon the head of the happy father would in that case have been converted into condolences. It was evident there was to be no more sleep for any one that night—such a bustle, and a hurrying to and fro, and shrill screaming went on until dawn, when enthusiastic clansmen began firing off guns under the young mother's window, just at the moment when she most needed quiet. So as sleep was no longer possible, I rose with the first peep of day, to see how the birth of a young Druse chief was celebrated in the heart of the Lebanon. To the left of the terrace, and thirty or forty feet below it, was a court through which flowed a stream of sparkling water into a square cistern, near which stood two or three handsome trees. The roofs of the buildings which enclosed this court were crowded even at this early hour with women, who were looking down and screaming their applause at the picturesque groups as they came trooping in, firing their guns and waving them in the air, to join in the dance of triumph. In the centre of the court the crowd had formed a circle, and in the midst of it danced a lithe active figure in bright attire, who, waving his drawn sword in one hand and the scabbard in the other, was performing a sort of war-dance to the music of loud singing and clapping of hands, accompanied by squalling pipes, and drums made after the fashion of Indian tom-toms. Every now and then men rushed out of the crowd and fired their guns into the tank. Sometimes the volleys poured into the water literally lashed it into foam. What with the loud chanting, the discordant music, the perpetual firing, the clapping of hands, and the screaming of women, the clamor became

almost deafening. All this time, as the more distant villages sent in their contingents, each led by its headman, the crowd kept increasing and the hubbub waxing louder. More circles were formed, in some of which two performers danced and went through a sort of mock combat, changing their step and the measure of their sword-cuts with the time of the music, which itself changed as village poets arrived and circulated scraps of paper on which were written songs appropriate to the occasion. Seated on the ground as spectators were the *ukkul* or "initiated." The Druse is always to be distinguished by the white turban wound round his tarboosh or fez; but the learned in the mysteries of their religion wear, in addition to this, an *abcih* or wide-sleeved cloak with black and white stripes. They were too grave and reverend signors to take any more active part in the festivities than that of silent and approving spectators. They abstain from excesses of any kind, never taste wine or tobacco, and preserve a severe and sedate deportment upon all occasions. Indeed, all the Druse men are distinguished for their abstemiousness and moderation, as their women are remarkable for their virtue; and although upon this occasion the festivities were kept up until the evening, and must have been participated in by about two thousand persons of both sexes, there was no unseemly boisterousness or excess of any kind, or, so far as I know, was any beverage stronger than coffee provided by the munificent hosts who had during the day to feed this immense crowd. Mutton and rice were the staple articles of diet, and I am afraid to say how many sheep were killed and how much rice was consumed. After the novelty of the scene had worn off, it must be admitted that the dancing became somewhat monotonous, and the noise wearisome and confusing. I thought of the poor sick woman in whose honor it was all done, and contrasted these deafening demonstrations with the straw-strewn street which insures quiet to the London fashionable patient under similar circumstances.

Once the performances were varied by a sort of burlesque, and a group of men and women, preceded by capering men fantastically dressed, and performing on pipes and drums, appeared. Some of the men were disguised as women, — one especially represented a bride, and another a decrepid old hag. The latter, nearly bent double, carried a basket and

a knife, while from her forehead projected the Druse horn — a part of female attire which has now entirely fallen into disuse. She was supposed to be an allegorical representation of "the past;" "the present" was symbolized by the handsome young bride, who, attended by one of her maidens, — also a youth in girl's attire, — proceeded to execute a fantasia not unlike a nautch-dance in the middle of the group, while the old woman kept getting in the way, digging up roots with her knife and putting them in her basket, performing various sly antics all the while, and keeping the spectators in a high state of merriment, the more especially when she and a man dressed as a buffoon had a passage of arms in which the latter got decidedly the worst of it. The women, who were looking on from the balconies of the palace and the neighboring roofs, seemed especially to enjoy the fun, and in their excitement occasionally afforded me a glimpse of the other eye. Indeed, I had more than once an opportunity of seeing a remarkably pretty face; but as a rule the Druse women veil their beauty more jealously than Turkish women, while in other respects they seem to take a far more active share in the affairs of life, and to enjoy a considerable amount of independence. On the other hand, divorce consists in the simple formality of a man saying to his wife that she had better go back to her mother. After this has been repeated three times, she has nothing for it but to return to the bosom of her family — a custom which it is evident must serve as a wholesome check upon mothers-in-law. Considering the great facility of the operation, it is much to the credit of the Druses that divorce among them is not so common as it would be if they were English, and had to apply to a judge for it.

In the eyes of our venerable hostess and her two sons our visit seemed quite an auspicious event: it had served as a sort of signal for the appearance of the long-wished-for son and heir. In consequence of the confidence with which I had proposed his health the night before, I think I was suspected of having exercised some sort of occult influence, and enjoyed a corresponding amount of consideration. At all events, I had the privilege of seeing not only the old lady and heaping upon her my congratulations, but a young married daughter, who was dressed in European costume, and whose veil was not too thick or jealously worn to conceal her fair features.

I tried, later on in the day, to get my friend, the spiritual chief, into a quiet corner, and converse with him on the subject of religion. But I found the one task as hopeless as the other. The noise penetrated everywhere, but the holy man was impenetrable, and skilfully evaded all approach to the mysterious topic, so I was forced to have recourse to other and, doubtless, far more trustworthy sources of information; for I could only have accepted with a reservation what he chose to communicate, whereas since 1860 the tenets of the Druses are known to all who take the trouble to investigate them, and in spite of their denials of dogmas, some of which they know would give dire offence both to Christians and Moslems, they are too firmly established in their sacred books, which were obtained during the massacres, to admit of a doubt. The founder of the sect was one of the Fatimite khalifs of Egypt, so called on account of their pretended descent from Fatima, the wife of Ali and daughter of Mohammed. The Fatimite khalifs were Ismailians, or followers of Ismail, the son of Jaafer the Just, the sixth imaum, who died A.D. 765, leaving Moussa, his second son, as his heir and successor, — Ismail, the eldest son, having predeceased him; but many of the sheiks refused to recognize Moussa, declaring that the imaumat could only pass to the eldest son. Moussa was finally assassinated in A.D. 799 by the khalif Haroun al Raschid. The Druses, the Ismailians (or Assassins during the time of the Crusades), and the Ansaryieh, are all followers of Ismail; but it was not till two hundred years after his death that the Druses became a distinct sect. At that time, or at the close of the tenth century, there reigned in Egypt a certain khalif called Hakim the Strong, who declared himself to be an incarnation of the invisible imaum, and to be as God upon the earth. His pretensions were supported by a Persian emigrant then in Cairo, named Mohammed Ben Ismail; indeed, they were inspired by him, and were afterwards adopted by a man of remarkable ability, a certain Hamza-ibn-Ali, surnamed Al-Hadi, or the director, who allegorized the Koran, and was the chief author of their sacred books. One of his disciples, also a Persian, named Durzi, came into Syria, and established himself on the western slopes of Mount Hermon, near Hasbeyra, where his doctrines were at once accepted by the inhabitants, who carried them to their comrades in the Lebanon, who were thence-

forward known as Druses, or followers of Durzi. He was afterwards excommunicated, and enjoys no credit among the Druses, though his name still remains; but Solomon, another Persian who followed him to Syria, and became a teacher among them, is still held in much honor.

The nation or tribe, whichever it may have been, that accepted the doctrines of Hakim, had not long previously arrived from the north of Syria, chiefly from the Jebel-el-Ala, near Aleppo, where some still remained, and a quarter of the city is actually called to this day the Haua Jum-belât, after the family with whom I was now staying. Hakim, the founder of the sect, whose cruelty and ferocity amounted to insanity, was finally murdered by his subjects, whom his crimes had driven to desperation. According to the Druses, however, who deny his notoriously bad character, he did not die, but was translated, and his soul went to China, whither it has since been followed by the souls of all pious Druses, who are supposed to be occupying in large numbers certain cities in the west of China, and preparing for the great event which the Druses believe to be now impending. According to the prophecies of their learned men, Hakim was to return in about nine hundred years from the date of his translation, so that he may be expected at any moment, but the precise date will be determined by the final collision between the Christian and Moslem religions. When Jerusalem and Mecca are both threatened, and the religions of the East and West are finally arrayed against each other, — about the time of Armageddon, in fact, — Hakim will appear at the head of an army of four millions of Chinamen, who have all been Druses, which will be divided into four wings, and will be led by the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, respectively; while Hakim, mounted on a white ass, will ride into Mecca, and waving his sword, Islam will crumble to pieces. The same fate will befall Christendom, and a Druse kingdom will be set up in Syria and Egypt, to which the rest of the world will be subject. Those who are not Druses will be no better than donkeys and mules. In consequence, however, of the close ties which bind England and the Druse nation together, and of the enlightenment in Druse estimation of one religious sect in England, an exception is to be made in their favor. English Unitarians will find themselves on that day on a footing of perfect religious equality with the Druses, and, indeed,

will be considered as holding the same views as themselves. The whole British nation will be allowed more or less to benefit from this circumstance, and will enjoy the special favor of Hakim. The Druses do not like to be called by that name, but call themselves Muwahadeen, or Unitarians; but the great difference between them and other Ismailian sects is the divine authority they attribute to Hakim. During the whole period of their existence as an independent nation or sect, extending over an epoch of nearly a thousand years, the Druses have only produced one man of real celebrity. This was the emir Fakred-din, who ruled over the Lebanon in the early part of the seventeenth century. This remarkable man annexed Beyrout and Sidon, threatened Damascus, and extended his sway as far as the Lake of Tiberias and Mount Carmel, where some Druse villages which I have visited still exist. He was finally captured by the Turks near Yezzin, brought to Constantinople, and decapitated. Another very singular personality among the Druses was a princess of the house of Ruslan, who last century governed most successfully a part of the Lebanon. She heard and judged cases, sitting behind a curtain, and her decisions gave great satisfaction. This circumstance furnishes a striking illustration of the exceptional position which women occupy among the Druses: many of them acquire a great reputation for their learning in religious matters, are initiated into the sacred mysteries, and are allowed to take part in the secret *stances* of the Ukkul. These are held once a week in small, square-domed buildings, which may be seen plentifully scattered over the hillsides. They are called *khalwets*, and will accommodate at most thirty or forty persons. In these their sacred books are kept, and hither in the evening the initiated resort to discuss the recondite points of their theology. There was one just under the house in which we stayed at Ain Anub, and at nightfall I watched for the flicker of a light, and listened for the strains of a hymn—for they sing a millennial anthem, chanting the advent of Hakim and his armies from China, and their triumph over Moslem and Christian unbelievers; but though it was the night of their meeting, neither light nor sound issued from the mysterious little building. Their religion goes back to the First Cause, to the great dual principles of masculine and feminine, of light and darkness, of good and evil, and of the incar-

nations which have from time to time appeared upon the earth embodying these principles. It is too involved and metaphysical to attempt any analysis of it here, and it is easy to understand how it should furnish endless topics of speculation and controversy to the Ukkul in their *khalwets*.

Here also they discuss politics and the interests of the nation. They have secret signs of recognition, and are in fact organized as a powerful political as well as religious secret society. This organization they have already once turned to formidable account, and it may be that they are yet destined to play an important part in the destinies of the country. As brave as they are subtle, skilled in the use of firearms, with a spirit of independence which has never brooked oppression, and which the Turkish government has sought rather to conciliate than to control, loyal to their friends and merciless to their foes, nothing but their inferiority in point of numbers has prevented them from exercising a supreme influence in Syria.

In physique the Druses have nothing in common with the Bedouin Arabs, from whom they are supposed by some to be descended; while others, with far more reason so far as their stature is concerned, consider them to be the modern representatives of the ancient house of Amalek. Polygamy does not exist among them; and as I have before remarked, they are exceedingly jealous and strict in their relations with women. It is doubtless owing to the fact that Druses do not indulge in a plurality of wives, that woman exercises so much more influence in the family than in polygamous countries. Although so carefully veiled, there are no harems in the Turkish sense, and the windows of my bedroom opened on a yard surrounded by kitchens and offices always crowded with busy, active, and talkative women, doubly fussy in consequence of the important event which had taken place, and evidently controlling matters to their hearts' content. I could even pass through the midst of them without causing that consternation and general stampede which would have been the case had they been Turkish women. In my walks abroad this was still more strikingly the case: instead of that shrinking, cringing manner which the Moslem female thinks fit to exhibit in the presence of a stranger of the other sex—who in fact feels guilty of an impropriety if he dares so much as to address her—the

Druse woman boldly talks to him from behind her veil, daringly, and yet not immodestly, "fixing" him with her one eye, and evidently much too proud to be a victim to bashfulness or timidity. Strolling alone through the village in the afternoon, to get away from the noise and see a little of the surrounding country, I came upon many groups of females, all in holiday attire, talking and laughing merrily, who, when they saw me, gave a scream of welcome, and then in most winning tones showered blessings upon my country and myself. Now and then one would come forward and present a rosebud, so that I had quite a little bouquet before I had gone very far. They seemed far more anxious to conceal their faces than the upper part of their persons, which the peculiar cut of their costume somewhat lavishly displayed. I soon got clear of the houses and followed a steep path down to a roaring brook, embowered in foliage, which, later in the day, I ascended to a most enchanting spot, where it tumbled over the rocks from a height of some thirty feet into a cool grotto, which I found was a favorite picnic resort of the Jumbelâts, and where a clear pool formed a tempting bath. Climbing up the steep hill on the other side, amid magnificent chestnut-trees, I came to a spot from which there was a good view of the palace, with its tall cypress and chestnut trees standing boldly out on the shoulder of the hill, and I sat down to sketch it, but was soon surrounded by a group of villagers returning from the *fête*, who would not hear of my going back until I had paid a visit to their village, which turned out to be nearly an hour distant. I was amply repaid, however, by the extreme beauty of the walk, and the hospitality of the reception which I received. They took me to the house of the old sheikh, who was very ill, and, I fear, will never rise from the bed upon which he nevertheless insisted upon receiving me. Here I was regaled with coffee and lemonade, the room soon becoming full of guests; and we made the most laughable struggles to understand each other, the eternal friendship of the English and the Druses being the theme upon which our conversation centred,—for any attempt to get beyond compliments and expressions of mutual admiration ended in confusion. Here, too, the women came to the doors, and both they and their husbands insisted that I should keep on paying visits, which, as it would have involved an endless absorption of coffee, I was obliged to

decline; but I went up to the flat roof of the highest house and revelled in the glorious prospect. This was the village of Ain Matur, celebrated, as I afterwards heard, for the turbulence and independence of its inhabitants. On more than one occasion, it would seem, they had acquired an unenviable notoriety. But I can only speak of them as I found them; and if I experienced at last some difficulty in making my escape, it was from nothing more dangerous than hospitality.

Altogether, Mukhtara and its neighborhood possessed so much fascination, that it was with regret I found myself unable to accept the invitation of my kind hosts, and prolong my stay over another day. I was obliged to leave the rest of the party here, and push on by myself to Damascus. The route I proposed to take was one very little traversed, and it was necessary to find a guide in the village who knew it. I can imagine no more delightful headquarters for excursions than Mukhtara. Not only does the scenery possess a special charm of its own, but ruins, all of more or less antiquarian interest, are scattered over the country; and the remains of ancient art lie buried among the beauties of nature.

Our last evening was spent in comparative calm. The villagers, exhausted with their exertions, had gone home; the young mother and child were doing well, in spite of all they had gone through; and considering how little rest we had any of us enjoyed for the last thirty-six hours, there was a general disposition to retire early. As I intended to start before my hosts were up, I took a cordial leave of them, and not long after sunrise on the following morning found myself alone *en route*, with Mukhtara, now silent, behind me, and before me the towering peaks of the Lebanon, across which lay my day's journey.

From The Bibliothek Deutsche Curiosa.

LETTERS OF A GERMAN GENTLEWOMAN
IN THE XVTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE,

BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

23.

Monday before St. Nicholas' Day,
(Dec. 6, 1418.) the Holy Bishop.

SINCE I wrote you, most honored Frau Dorothea Vetter, I have been able to hear nothing more of my dear Sister. The

Marshal von Boxberg, has just come in, whom I have known a long time; and he reports to me what I am about to tell you. Six Weeks ago Sir Kunz, who is his Neighbor, came to him and requested him to ride with him on an Expedition. He said he had a legal Claim against Hermann von Eisenberg, and a Warrant to arrest him for a Matter in which he refused to do him Justice. The Marshal could not decline Sir Kunz's proposal, for they had often gone on similar Expeditions together, and Sir Kunz said he would send him a Message when the right Time came. The Marshal had never doubted that all told him was true. A Messenger arrived the Day before St. Elizabeth's Day in Boxberg, sent by Sir Kunz to say that he must join him at once with all his People. He gathered together many of his Neighbors and Relations, the Marshals of Bilberbach and Wertingen, the Von Weidens, the Güssens, the Steins, the Von Freibergs, and the Von Rechbergs, and a good many others, so that it was a large Company of armed Men. Sir Kunz joined them from Landsberg, and took the command. They rode all Night, and were in good spirits; about Midday, however, they slackened their speed; and found themselves towards Evening near Usterspach in the Reischenau* Forest. Sir Kunz led them into the Forest, and bade them keep still until he gave the Signal for the Attack. A gay company soon after rode through the Forest, but they did nothing to them, and did not show themselves. After that came another Company, riding with Torches. Then Sir Kunz took a Cross-Bow and shot a Bolt, whereat the Man at whom he aimed fell from his Horse, and doubtless was killed. Then they attacked, and they outnumbered the Enemy. They killed Von Eisenberg who was there, and the others were all taken or dispersed. They also sacked and robbed the Carts that were following the Party. Sir Kunz meantime rode off with a very beautiful Woman he had got possession of and whom he placed in a Carriage, and carried to Villenbach, whither they all went, and divided great Spoil. They took such Prisoners as were Spearmen with them to Landsberg. The Lady, however, Sir Kunz kept for himself. He—the Marshal—had just heard for the first time that that Lady was my Sister, and the Knight killed Sir Mar-

quard von Schellenberg, and also that the most part of the Company were good Friends of the Burghers of Augsburg, and also his own good Friends. He was therefore very sorry, for he would be most unwilling to be at Feud with our City, nor had Sir Marquard ever offended him. He wished therefore to be allowed to make his Peace with me, and to enter into an alliance with our City, and offered to open his Castle to us. I thanked him, and called an extraordinary meeting of the Town Council. Just then arrived Rappot, the Soldier sent from Königseck to Augsburg where he was to meet Hermann von Schellenberg. He brought Word that in two Days Sir Hans would be here with many Friends, among them some Knights of distinction. Also that he was greatly grieved for Sir Marquard's Misfortune, and that he was making all possible preparations for the Expedition. I then laid before the Town Council, how half the city was ready to go out against Villenbach to destroy it, which must be done before we could make Peace with Sir Kunz, and moved them that we had better choose Sir Hans for our Captain, which the Council approved; they also named five others whom they set over our own People: viz. Stephen Hangenohr, Hans Langemantel of Radau, George Rem, Bastian Ilung, and Tos Onsong, your Sister's Husband. Soon after rode in Sir Hans. He very gladly took the Leadership and Direction, and greatly pitied my Sister; so much so that he wept for her sake, which I never saw a Knight do before. He promised to do all he could to free her, for he said he had long held her in great Love and Honor, though she had preferred Sir Marquard to himself; he also said he knew she did not think ill of him. There was great Joy amongst our Forces on hearing that Sir Hans was chosen Captain. They made all their preparations at once, and went forth To-day, and by this time they must be before Villenbach. I wished every Man of them good Speed and Victory. I can truly say that my Sister has many good Friends who stand by her in her Trouble. I heartily wish them Success; and I pray God and all the Saints to have my Sister in their Guard and Keeping, and for that I doubt not she prays too. My Wife sends you Greeting. She is just out of Child Bed, and is quite sick from this Alarm about my Sister. Greet Sir Fritz for me. So soon as I have anything more I will acquaint you.

* Situated in the Margravate of Burgau. There are many small Villages in it, in clearings and the Like, but many Parts are almost unexplored.

24.

Monday after the Conception of the
Blessed Virgin.
(Dec. 8, 1418.)

I MUST write you a few Words, most honored Frau Dorothea Vetter, that you may be reassured as to my Sister. *Item:* Sir Hans has sent a Messenger to the City to bring us Word that he has taken the strong Castle of Villenbach by Storm, has slain Sir Kunz, and liberated my Sister. I shall, as he says, rejoice at it greatly; and you, too, will be very happy. To-morrow they will re-enter the City, and I will again write to you.

25.

(Dec. 26, 1418.)

St. Stephen's Day.

IN order to keep my Promise, well-beloved Frau Dorothea Vetter, I now write that Sir Hans with his People and my dear Sister have happily gotten back from their Expedition. They rode fast in to make sure of Daylight, and there was a great Clamor of Rejoicing and Congratulation among our Burghers, so much so that they almost broke into a disorderly Uproar. I went out to meet my Sister with my Wife and the Frau Burggräfin von Burtenbach, Sir Hans' Sister, and with Frau Onsgorg, your Sister, as far as Gublingen, where we were received by Sir Berthold von Knöringen, at his Castle, and afterwards we went a little beyond the Town. On reaching Augsburg, the Expedition halted before the Rathhaus, but Sir Hans and the Leaders came to my House escorting my Sister, who wept for Joy, and we all wept when we saw her Home again. We made ready a warm Bed quickly, and placed her in it, for she was very weak and weary, and worn out with Fear and Trouble. There were also many of her Friends who had come to welcome her, and to hear how all had gone with her, but we let none of them in to talk to her until she should be more able to chat with them. She looked quite piteously. Her Eyes were red and dimmed with Tears. She was pale and thin, and hardly recognizable. Afterwards I went with Sir Hans and his Captains to the Rathhaus, where he related all that had passed before our Honorable Town Council, which thanked him heartily, and made him a valuable Present of a very fine Horse, and ordered each of his Men a Measure of Wine, whereat they were much pleased.

Then the Council requested Sir Hans to report the details of his Expedition in Writing, that they might be laid up in our

Archives and be held in everlasting Remembrance, which he did accordingly. And I herewith send you a copy of the Letter which he caused to be written to them. After that we went back from the Rathhaus to my own House, and more People came in, wanting to offer their Congratulations to my Sister. Some came from Friendship, some from Curiosity, but my Wife would not let any of them into my Sister's Chamber. Meantime she had asked for her Babe, whom Meze brought to her. It was a Pleasure to see the Meeting, such as I cannot describe. I wept for Joy. Afterwards I took in Sir Hans, who said to her how glad he was, and how much pleasure it gave him that he had been able to set her free, and how he hoped she might now be happy, and might think sometimes of him. My Sister could not answer him, she was so moved, but she took his Hand in her Hands and pressed it, for she was not in a Condition to thank him, and that pleased the Knight very much. After that we all left her in Peace, and now I trust that she will soon recover. She however begged me to write to you, since we will not yet permit her to do so, and she would not be content till I allowed her just to send you two lines which I am obliged to do to please her.

"God bless thee, my dear Dorothy. I thank him and the Blessed Virgin, and St. Elizabeth, and all the Saints in Heaven, for having protected and delivered me. O! what I have gone through since I last wrote to thee I cannot write now, but I will tell thee everything when I have my Strength back again."

Now you must read what Sir Hans has sent in to the Honorable Town Council, and forgive me for not writing more to you, and for not letting my Sister write, who would otherwise have tried to do so.

Farsighted Councillors, wise Gentlemen, and Friends, my Service to you. I do you to wit that the Honorable Town Council of Augsburg chose me, Hans von Königseck, Knight, to be Captain of its Forces against Kunz von Villenbach; desiring I should serve the Council faithfully, lead forth its Men of War, and destroy the Castle of Villenbach, that stronghold of Robbers and Murderers since Sir Kunz von Villenbach set on Marquard von Schellenberg, Knight and Friend of the City of Augsburg, who by him was assaulted and slain, and his Bride and all her Goods stolen and wrongfully carried

away. I therefore do you to wit that I went forth with the Forces under me to surprise the said Castle, and we reached it before any news of our Movements arrived there, and invested it. First I sent a Message to Sir Kunz, treating him with Knightly Consideration, and speaking him well, for I was very fearful about Frau Elsbeth, deeming that if angry he might do her Harm. I therefore sent into the Castle Stephen den Hangenohr, and George Rem, two of our Captains, and gave him Notice that if he would surrender the Castle, and send forth Frau Elsbeth to us in Safety, no Harm should be done to his Life or his Goods. He answered that he would do nothing of the kind, and said, truculently, he would rather lose all his goods than give up Frau Elsbeth; that he would not do so so long as his name was Kunz, and also that he would defend the Place to the last. When I heard that I gave Orders to storm the Castle, also I had Ladders brought, and placed against its Walls. Thereupon Sir Kunz sallied out against me. I, however, drove him back, and he lost many of his People. Again I ordered an Assault, which he again withstood, this Time driving us back. Then I called out once more to Storm the Walls, for the Enemy must be growing weaker, and we could see Sir Kunz himself upon the Battlements, raging furiously. However, we waited till Morning for the third Attack, and rested our People, and promised them great Honor and Rewards. They did well; they mounted the Walls and burst in the Gates, whereat we all rushed in, and carried the Castle. The Assault lasted long, and cost much Bloodshed, for in the three Attacks and Sallies more than 200 Men were killed. When we had won the Castle, I set myself at once to search for Frau Elsbeth and Sir Kunz, and some other Knights whom I knew to be with him. We searched all Holes and Corners in the Place, but found no trace of them. Then I thought they must have fled, and have taken Frau Elsbeth with them, though I could not make out how they had got away. I called together all my Knights, and the Spear-men and the Soldiers that were with me, and sent them outside of the Castle, dividing them into Parties of Ten, and ordered them to ride around it, close enough to see and hear each other, and I myself rode with them. The rest I commanded to remain and destroy the Stronghold, and to burn it with Fire, so that one Stone might not be left upon another.

We therefore rode around the Castle, and for a long Time we perceived nothing, when at last I heard in the Forest the tramp of Horses and the grating of Wheels. I also heard a sound of Weeping. I rode towards the Spot, and saw Frau Elsbeth in a Carriage, and Sir Kunz and others round about her. I gave a Signal to my Men, and all my Knights and Spear-men rode back to me, and we fell upon Sir Kunz. Seeing this, he tried to cut down Frau Elsbeth with his Sword. But I was upon him, and struck him such a Blow that his Helmet was shivered and he was almost stunned; then I gave him a second stroke, and clove his Head clean in two. He roared like a Bullock that is slaughtered, and fell down before me, and the Knights and the Spear-men who were with him fled, though part were taken Prisoners. I rode up to Frau Elsbeth, and saw that she lay senseless in the Carriage. When she recovered a little we returned to the Castle. They had destroyed it utterly, and left it only a Heap of Stones. Seeing which we went back towards the City. Thus have I, Hans von Königseck, Knight, done all that the Honorable Town Council of the City of Augsburg ordered me to do. I have obeyed them, and have destroyed the Castle of Villenbach, and delivered Frau Elsbeth, and done what I thought it was my Duty to do. *Item:* I do you to wit, Honorable and Well-beloved Friends and Gentlemen, that I thank you heartily for the noble Present you have made me, and that I feel that I have hardly earned it. Wherefore, if you call upon me again, it will be my Pleasure to serve you.

HANS VON KONIGSECK, Knight.

26.

St. Fabian's and St. Sebastian's Day.

(Jan. 20, 1419.)

Oh! dear, dear Dorothy, how glad I am that I can write to thee again. What I have gone through since I set forth with Sir Marquard (God rest his Soul and give him a joyful Resurrection) thou wouldst never believe, and it would have been no Wonder had I wasted away with Anxiety and Sorrow. But God stood by me and brought me through. He and the Blessed Mother of our Lord and Saint Elizabeth and all the Saints, to whom I prayed, and to whom I will ever be grateful, as also to Sir Hans von Königseck who delivered me, and slew my Enemy, Kunz von Villenbach (may God take Pity on his Soul and show him Mercy, for indeed he will have great Need

of it). My Comfort is that so many People have grieved for me; also, that this Trial has shown me how many good Friends I have; and thou, too, has wept for me, dear Dorothy, and hast had great Compassion upon me, for which I give thee hearty Thanks, and love thee better than ever, as indeed thou deservest I should do. Nor must I neglect to tell thee how in my great Trouble I was comforted by thinking of thee and having confidence in thy Sympathy, for I knew of a certainty thou wouldest be grieved when thou shouldst come to know what had happened to me. Now I will tell thee all about it, for I am better, because I know thou wouldest like to hear it; and since, thank God, I am well again, and writing does not tire me, so that the Doctor and my Brother both say I may write. To go back to the Day when we rode forth from Augsburg, it was clear and beautiful, and we made good Progress, and hoped to reach Schloss Seyfriedsburg early. However, we halted at Gessertshausen, which is about half-way, to feed the Horses, and we thought we would go into the Church there and pray. Not far off is a very pretty Church called The Church, because there was an old Belief that a Voice from Heaven had called it so, and Sir Marquard and I staid there together for about an Hour. Meanwhile, the Afternoon was getting on, and it seemed to me as if the Sun set earlier than usual. I soon grew very Uneasy, which when Sir Marquard perceived he laughed at me, and called me faint-hearted, but he comforted me, and said that we had nothing to fear, and that he would have Torches lighted as soon as we got into the Forest. He was in good Spirits as all about him were. Meantime Hermann von Schellenberg, his Brother, with some others, rode forward to the Castle, and we formed a middle Party; a third being in the Rear with the Wagons, and Meze was among them with my Child. When we entered the Forest beyond Usterspach Sir Marquard had Torches lighted. His brother Hermann, meantime, had ridden on. We entered the Forest, and soon I heard a Bow twang among the Trees and saw Sir Marquard fall from his Horse. Then I shrieked, and called out: Holy Mother! what is that? and I was almost out of my Senses with Terror, and tried to turn my Horse and get out of the Forest. But I soon saw that the whole Place was filled by armed Men, who fell upon us. Four of them came up to me and seized my Bridle,

and one took me by the Arm and they galloped with me out of the Fight, and no Shrieking nor Struggling would do me any good. They placed me in a Carriage to which six Horses were harnessed, and tied my Hands and my Feet and put a Handkerchief over my Mouth, so that I could neither stir nor scream, and the Wonder is I had not lost my Senses with Dread and Horror. We travelled many Miles through the Forest very rapidly, and it was so dark that I could see nothing, nor did I know where we were, nor where we were going, nor who was my enemy, though I confidently believed it was Sir Kunz. After we had gone a long way we came to a Castle, and stopped before its Walls. Then a Watchman called out to us: Who goes there? and one of our Party answered: Open; it is the Knight. Thereat they let the Draw-Bridge down, and opened the Gates, and we passed in; as for me I felt as if I were passing through the Gates of Hell. What I endured during this Journey I cannot write. I cannot tell thee the thousand Things (all of them most horrible) that passed through my Mind. At first I was bewildered and did not feel able to think; afterwards I began to fancy that I had fallen into the Power of Evil Spirits and Witches. At times I thought of Sir Marquard, who I knew was dead, and of my child, about whom I did not know whether he were dead or living, or whether they had carried him. O! then I wept most piteously, and almost went out of my Senses. And I think if those about me had been made of Stone they could not have been harder than they were. When we came to the Castle, they carried me up the Steps that led into it, for I could not walk, and bore me into a Chamber and untied me. There came forward an old Woman and set a Table, and brought in Food and Wine, whereupon a Knight came in, and I knew when I saw him in the Light that he was Sir Kunz. I shrank away from him and crouched upon the Floor, for the very sight of him overcame me. Then he spake, and said I must compose myself and go to sleep, and that to-morrow Morning he would speak with me. He then went away, but the Woman remained. Her Name was Bertha, as I learnt afterwards. The Room in which I was was locked and bolted. Bertha requested me to eat and drink, but I would not: indeed I could not have done it for my Tears. Then she said (and she was a very grim-looking Woman) that I must not keep on crying, that I should spoil my

Eyes, and soon grow old, which would be a great Pity; that I must not be so miserable; that there was nobody there who wished to do me Harm, and, besides, the Knight loved me, as I already must know. Then I said that she had better eat and drink, and leave me in Peace for I was full of Trouble. While she ate and drank all that was on the Table, I lay down on a Bed that was in the Room and made believe to go to sleep. When she had finished eating she threw herself upon some Straw and began to snore dreadfully, which lasted all Night. I could not close my Eyes, but wept piteously, and wrung my Hands, and grew desperate, so that had not the Holy Mother of God withheld me, if I could have found a Knife to cut my Throat withal, I should have done it, and not have cared if the Devil *did* get me. But God preserved me, for there came to me the thought that as He could send me Help He would not withhold it from me. Then I vowed an Altar to St. Elizabeth, if she would succor me, for the Church of the Benedictine Brethren in Augsburg. I tried to think of what I ought to do, but the remembrance of Sir Marquard rose up before me, and of my Child and of all those who loved me, and thyself amongst the number, dearest Dorothy, and there was nothing but weeping and moaning and wringing of Hands without End. At last I resolved to be as friendly as I could with Sir Kunz, so as to gain Time, in which I might escape or receive Succor, which, however, I did not think probable. At length Day dawned, and then all my Fear came back again, and I trembled and shook when I thought that Sir Kunz would soon come to visit me. I rose from the Bed, and fell down upon my Knees and prayed to God, and called on all the Saints for Help and Intercession; and after I had done that I grew a little quieter. By this time I could see that I was in a Room that was very mean and dark and had small Windows closed with Iron Bars and Cross bars. I looked out and saw nothing but high Walls and strong Towers. I was frightened at the Sight, and my new-found Courage went after I had looked out of the Window. So I waited in Fear and Trembling, in Anxiety and Despair, for I well knew Sir Kunz would soon appear, and I had not waited long before he came. My Heart, which I had been trying to compose, sank at the Sight of him. I saw in him a Monster, a Murderer, a Robber, and yet he stood before me

as a Lover! He greeted me, but I turned my Eyes away from him. Then he spake: Frau Elsbeth, you are in my Hands, and your Pride becomes you no longer. It is true I have made you unhappy for a Time, but you can soon change that if you will. For I love you still as much as ever, and if you will love me and yield yourself to my Will, you shall be happy. You must consider this and weigh it duly. At this I could not keep back my Tears, though I had striven to pluck up Courage, for it seemed to me that the Devil stood before me as I looked at Sir Kunz. I opened my Mouth to speak, but I could not; at last, however, I recovered myself a little, and said: He must excuse me if I wept; that he alone was the Cause of my Grief, for he had slain Sir Marquard, my Bridegroom, whom I loved; and I asked him, besides, what I had ever done to him that he treated me in that Way? It was perfectly true that Marquard had been dearer to me than himself, and I could not belong to two Men. I had, however, always esteemed and honored him, but now, since he had treated me so dreadfully,—since he had committed a Murder, and had slain my Bridegroom,—if he were to try ever so much to make me love him I could not, and it would be against my Duty if I could; but I would pardon him as a Christian should, and pray for him, and would hold him for an honorable Knight if he would set me free and send me back to my Friends at Augsburg. He looked fiercely at me, his Eyes glowed and flashed, and he stamped with his Foot on the Floor, and cried: Nay, if you will not marry me of your own good Will, you shall be mine by Force and Fear. Then I trembled and shook and fell down on my Knees and began to sob and moan, and, in my Terror, I crouched before him, and I cried: O God! O God most Holy! Thou knowest what has come upon me, and what I may have yet to bear! Yes, Sir Knight, I cried, I am in your Power, only spare my Honor. Then he said, Give in then, and give me your Hand of your own good Will, or I shall know how to constrain you, and you cannot withstand me. Think of it well. In short, he went on, choose who shall be your Enemy, I or yourself. You can take me in one of two Ways,—as a Husband who loves you, or as your Oppressor, who will take his Revenge upon you for rejecting his Love. Choose quickly, and cast me not off, or I shall do to you that of which the Present is but the Beginning. For aught I care, you may weep

one Week; after that, you must give me your Hand. But do not suppose I fear that any one will try to rescue you, or can deliver you from the Mischance into which you have fallen. Hereupon he went away. Dear Dorothy, I must break off here, for I am very tired, and all my Limbs are shaking and trembling as I think of these dreadful Things. In a short time I will write some more.

27.

Monday after the Conversion of St. Paul.

(Jan. 25, 1419.)

I WILL go on to-day, dear Dorothy, and tell thee all about my Miseries without many Words of Preface, for I well know thou art anxious to know all, and to hear the End. Therefore: as soon as Sir Kunz left me I fell into Despair, and sobbed and wept as if I were out of my Senses, and the Wonder is I was not. I ran up and down the Room, and wrung my Hands, and was utterly wretched. But there was nobody there to hear me, and nobody to pity me, not even Bertha. Then I sank down and prayed, and renewed my Vow, which gave me some Comfort. But many times I despaired, and I often called upon my Hainz, who so truly loved me, and complained of Death which took him from me, which was the Cause of all my present Miseries, and I wished that with him I had been taken out of the World. O! if my Hainz only knew what I suffered, I thought, he would turn in his Grave with Grief and Anger. Several times I was tempted to take my Life, but I withstood the Temptation by God's help, for which I thank the Blessed Mother of our Lord, and I was in that Condition five whole Nights and Days. I saw no one except old Bertha, who brought me Food and Drink, of which I took very little. Often, with Tears, and on my Knees, I besought her to tell me where my Child was, and if he were still living. But she knew nothing. Then in my Trouble I bade her ask Sir Kunz to let me know, or else I should fall sick, and if I were ill I could not do what he wanted of me. After I had been five Days in this Misery, and had lost all Hope, there came in one Evening four Men with closed Visors and Breastplates, one of them holding a Light in his Hand, and they spake to me, and said that I must follow them. I would not stir, and indeed I could not have done it, for I was almost dead with Terror, believing they were about to sacrifice me to the Rage of their Master. However, two of them

picked me up by the Arms, and carried me off, and I fainted, and did not see whither they bore me nor what they did with me. When I came to myself, I lay upon some Straw, and Bertha was kneeling by me, bathing my Face with Water. She seemed to have more Pity for me than I had ever seen in her before. And when I saw her somewhat moved, I cried out, Holy Mother of our Lord! where am I? What has happened? For I saw I was in a Vault with great Pillars around me, and there were great Piles of Treasure there laid up in Boxes, and strong Iron Doors with mighty Bolts, but I saw no Daylight, and Water dropped down like Tears from the Walls, wetting the Straw and my Clothes, which I had already wetted with my Tears. Then I besought Bertha, and prayed her for God's sake and for the sake of all the Saints, to tell me what had happened, and why I had been brought where I was, but she would not, and again became grim and stern to me. A little while after she went out to bring me Food, and I listened at a Door, near which I heard Men talking, who were placed as Sentries over me. One said to another: How goes the Day? The other answered: Badly enough for us. True we have repelled two Attacks, but they are making ready for a third, and if we get no Help and no Reinforcements, they will carry the Castle and destroy it utterly. Said the first: If I were Sir Kunz I would not hold out, but would give up the Lady as they proposed. The other replied: I'd do it too, for I am very sorry for her. She does not deserve such Treatment, but should have had better Fortune. At this moment back came Bertha, and I could hear no more, but I got some Courage, since I had found out that the Castle was besieged, and I hoped if it were taken I should at least be set at liberty, for I knew not who was besieging it. After Bertha came back I lay down again on the Straw, and the more I thought, the more hopeful I became, till at last I fell asleep more soundly than I had done since I was brought into the Castle. I had not slept very long, however, before I was awakened by a great Clatter and Din, and my Heart leapt in my Breast with Fear and Anxiety. The Iron Doors were thrown open, and four Men with their Visors closed, and Armor on, came in. They each held lighted Torches, and I thought: Oh God! what are they going to do? After them came in Sir Kunz, and other armed men after him. Then Sir Kunz

came up to me, and cried: Up! Follow me! But I would not stir. He cried again: Up! and took me by the Hand, and pulled me to my Feet, but I could not walk. Then he roared a third time: Get up! but I fell down again. Thereupon he ordered his People who were behind him to carry me. They picked me up by my Feet and Shoulders, and hurried me after him. I cried and screamed, but they had no Mercy and no Pity. Then Sir Kunz opened another Iron Door with a terrible Clang, and went through it, and two Men with Torches preceded him. They took me along a dark, subterranean Passage which seemed to have no End, and must have been half a Mile long, through all of which they carried me. At last we came out into a Village. In the Village were Carts and Horses, and they tied me Hand and Foot, and put a Handkerchief over my Mouth and placed me in a Carriage. The Treasure Chests they put in Carts, and we drove off rapidly, Sir Kunz joining the four men who had brought me from the Castle, and mounting his Horse, and riding close to my Carriage. He cursed and swore horribly as we pushed on in Haste through Trees and Bushes. When we had gone about a Mile I saw a Horseman coming towards us, and when he was quite near, Sir Kunz drew his Sword, and rushing up to me roared: Die! since thou canst not be mine! I fainted away from Fright, and it was no Wonder, for he would certainly have killed me had there not been Help at hand. When I came to myself I cast my Eyes about me; I cried: O God! where am I? What has happened? for there stood a Knight before me, and I knew him for Sir Hans von Königseck. Whether I did not take him at the first Moment for an Angel I cannot tell, but he said: Fear nothing from me, Frau Elsbeth, You are free. There lies your Enemy, dead at your Feet. Thereupon I beheld Sir Kunz lying in his Blood. It was a ghastly Sight, and I could not bear it. Then Sir Hans said: if I were able we would go back to the Castle where many of his People were still. As we drew near we saw it all on Fire, and the Men working to leave no Stone above another, except one Tower, which they intended should remain as an everlasting Monument. Sir Hans then despatched Messengers to the City to tell what he had done. Thus was I delivered out of all my Troubles. And now thou must wish me well, for I must stop writing and rest, for I have written long

enough and am very weary. But O! the great Happiness to be back among mine own People. I have suffered so much that it seems to me a lighter Grief than it would otherwise have been to have lost Sir Marquard, my dear Bridegroom, who loved me so well. I never shall forget his Love, and will always do all I can for the Repose of his Soul. It also seems of small Consequence that I have lost all my Money, which I took with me, which was nearly 200 Pounds, and all my Clothes, Jewelry, and Ornaments, and my House Linen, which was so good and handsome. But I feel very grieved and down-hearted amidst all my Joy when I think I have been the cause of Blood and Death to honest Men who fought for me. I will soon write to you how I was brought back to my own People, and how my Angel and Protector escorted me into the City, and of the great Rejoicings there were there that I was delivered, and my Enemy destroyed.

28.

The Evening before the Purification of the Blessed (Feb. 2, 1419.) Virgin called Candlemas.

Item: I will write to thee again to-day, dear Dorothy, and tell thou how I was brought home to the City, as I promised thee. I am very pleased that thee and Sir Fritz are both so much Interested in my Misfortunes, and my Miseries, and indeed I deserve Pity and Compassion, for I have suffered much, and the Wonder is I am alive, and have not lost my Senses, which must have happened had not God stood by me, and the Holy Mother of our Lord, and St. Elizabeth, who all helped me. It was also that powerful and faithful Knight, Hans von Königseck, my Preserver and Guardian Angel, and his People, who destroyed the strong Castle, and made it a Heap of Stones, and after that he gave Orders that we should return to the City. He placed me in a Carriage, for I was too sick to ride, and he did all he could for my Comfort, and rode himself by the Wagon, and was very careful that nothing should distress me in any way. Part of his People went forward, and the rest stayed with us. They had freed also a good many other Prisoners at Villenbach, among them some Knights of Name and Renown, but Sir Hans would not quit my Side. So we went forward, and when we had journeyed a long Time, at last we saw the City in the Distance, and I felt as if my Heart leaped up in me for Joy, as I thought of seeing my child again,

since for a long Time I had not known but that Death had snatched him from me. My first Question to Sir Hans had been, so soon as I recovered from my Fright: Where is my Child? He said he was at my Brother's, and told me how Meze had brought him off, which gave me great Comfort, and had not a little to do with my being so sociable with him. When we got into Gablingen, where was the Castle of Sir Berthold von Knöringen, my dear Brother the Burgomaster, my dear Sister-in-Law, and thy dear Sister met us; also the Burggräfin von Burtenbach, Sir Hans's Sister. There was great Joy when we first saw each other, and there was Kissing and Hand shaking, and questioning, without waiting for any Answers, and I could not answer all they asked for I was so tired I could hardly speak. Then Sir Berthold, who is a great Friend of my Brother's, insisted we must remain with him and dine. So the rest went slowly forward and the Knight was most courteous and hospitable. After we had eaten, my Brother went on with the Ladies, and we followed. When we drew near the City, there came forth a great Company of Men, Women, and Children, riding and walking, and rejoicing and shouting, and all Eyes were fixed on me and on Sir Hans, and they said one to another he had won me, and I heard many praising and extolling me, which pleased me very much, and they showed great Sympathy for me on account of my Troubles. At last we came to the City, and all the Streets as we went along were full of People, till I felt ashamed to be the Cause of such a Tumult and Uproar. Sir Hans and his Captains conducted me to my Brother's House. Amongst them was thy Brother-in-Law, Jos Onsorg, whom I pray God richly to reward for all his Trouble, Amen. At my Brother's House I found assembled many Kinsfolk and Friends, but my Sister-in-Law prayed them to let me Rest, and to come another time to welcome me; which I was very glad of. Sir Hans then went with my Brother and his Captains to the Rathaus and related to the Honorable Town-Council all he had done. I asked at once for my Child, and thy Sister brought him to me, and Meze came in after. The Child was quite well, and I took him into Bed with me, — for they had put me to Bed, — and kissed him with great Joy, and cried for Happiness, and I was quite oppressed and overcome to see the Babe again, so that they took him away from me, for fear I should do myself Harm by

my Emotion. By-and-by Sir Hans came back, but I could not talk with him, I was so exhausted by seeing my Child, but I prayed him to come and see me often, that I might thank him for all that he had done for me. After that I was very weak and sick, but my Brother and my Brother's Wife took good care of me, and I am now better, for which I thank God and all the Saints in Heaven, and those who for me took so much Trouble. But I am not looking well. I am quite shocked when I look in my Glass. I look horribly; which is no Wonder after such Trials and Terrors as I have gone through. However I hope to be quite Strong soon, and to fulfil my Vow, for I should be very wicked if I did not keep it. Now thou needest not be anxious for me any more, but pray for me as I will pray for thee, and keep well thyself.

29.

The Day after Ash Wednesday,

(March, 1419.)

Item: I am going to write thee what happened to the Knights and Honorable People who escorted me and Sir Marquard when we journeyed towards Seyfriedensberg, and who were set upon and taken Prisoners. First of all I must tell thee that Sir Kunz gave most of them for Pay to his Followers from Landsberg; and they had to ransom themselves with a heavy Ransom. Some of them, however, Sir Hans recaptured at Villenbach when he destroyed the Castle, and rescued me. He set them free, but brought them before the Honorable Town Council of Augsburg, where in gratitude for their Liberation they swore that they would never do Injury to the City, nor make War upon it, unless in Lawful Quarrel, after due Feud Brief sent and signed. Then Hermann von Schellenberg, Sir Marquard's Brother, laid a Complaint before the Duke, to wit, That the Soldiers of Sir Kunz had set on the Von Schellenburgs and robbed me of my Goods. Therefore the Duke gave orders throughout all his Lands that the Von Villenbachs, that is Sir Kunz's Brothers and Cousins and Followers, should neither eat, drink, nor have Houses nor Lands in his Dominions. And he ordered that the People of Landsberg should give to the Von Schellenburgs 1,000 Golden Gulden, which is not a great sum, for they must have got more than that by the Ransom of their Prisoners. But the Von Schellenbergs have taken the Money and founded a Mass every Year forever for

the Repose of Sir Marquard's Soul, in the Church at Ziemetshausen, where they have buried him. I too contributed to this Mass, and I have had Four Requiem Masses said for him besides, in the Churches of Augsburg. They have also set up a Stone near Usterspach on the spot where he was murdered. It is a beautiful Monument; a Crucifix with the Blessed Mother of our Lord, and the Infant St. John the Baptist at the Base, and it has also the arms of the Von Schellenbergs, and an Inscription with the Date.* I also have fulfilled my Vow, and have erected a beautiful Altar in the Church of the Benedictine Frars, where my dear Hainz Rhelinger lies buried, who gave the Church two beautiful Suits of Vestments for the Choir, and one hundred Rheinisch Gulden, and where our dear Ancestors of both Sexes, Rhelingers and Egens, have costly Monuments. The Honorable Town Council has been very good to me, and has given me 500 Golden Gulden and the Booty that was taken from Sir Kunz at Villenbach, to make amends for the Damage I have suffered from the spoiling of my Goods, and they desire me to replace what I think proper. So all that now remains for me is to thank Sir Hans, and to reward him for all the Trouble he has taken for my Sake, and that is a very difficult thing to do, and costs me many Thoughts, for I cannot thank him or reward him enough if I gave him all I have. And even that would be of no use, for he has more than I have, and is very rich and powerful. He professes great Love and Friendship for me, and comes to inquire for my Health every day, as his Sister does likewise. I am quite well now, though they treat me as if I were still sick, and I am no longer so horrid and so miserable to look at as I was, for which I thank my Sister-in-Law, who had been very careful and loving towards me. Still I have many sad Hours in which I think of all I have gone through; of mine own Sir Marquard murdered, and of other worthy People slain and wounded for my Sake, which makes me unhappy. And it also troubles me that the Country People say Sir Kunz's Ghost has been seen at Night standing all in Flames on the Ruins of Villenbach, and that they have heard a dreadful rattling of Chains, which may well be, for he died in his Sins. I shall have a Mass said for him too, that God

may show Mercy to his Soul, and in the End give him too a joyful Resurrection. Amen. Father Joseph says this is the best thing I can do for him, and he often urges me to go into a Cloister for the good of my Soul, which indeed I should like to do, even as I wished formerly. But there is one thing holds me back, which I cannot write about, but about which I must take Counsel with my Brother. Now thou knowest all, dear Dorothy, concerning those who suffered with me, and I am glad I have nothing more to tell thee, for I have grown sad in thinking of these Troubles. At least I trust I have suffered enough for all my Sins, and that God will give me henceforth Rest and Peace so long as I live. I wish the same for thee and for Sir Fritz. Try to keep well.

30.

The Sunday after Easter.

(May, 1419.)

THOU art very eager to know, dear Dorothy, whether I have decided to go into a Convent. I can see what thou thinkest from what thou hast said. It may chance that there is something in it. All may turn out as thou art expecting. I will not hide from thee that I have spoken to my Brother about what Father Joseph has been saying to me, and my Brother replied (and his Wife agreed with him) that I ought not to think of it yet, but consider how I might best thank Sir Hans, who has taken so much Trouble on my Account. Thereupon I asked them what they thought I ought to do. My Brother said he had often talked with Sir Hans about it, who had always replied that he wished nothing but Permission to speak with me; and my Brother ventures to guess that what he wishes is the same Thing he has been trying to get for a Year past, and if it be so, he begs me not to deny it to him. Then I pointed out to him what hard Things the World would be apt to say of me, if I were to be engaged a third time, and that in so short a space, and how Sir Marquard had been very dear to me, and how I would never forget him. He said I need not heed the first, and that I could remember Sir Marquard as long as I lived, but that I ought also to remember what Sir Hans had done for me, and that he had loved me a long Time, and that he was a most true and honorable Knight, whom every one esteemed and prized greatly. So then I answered him, that if Sir Hans said anything more about it, he must tell him that

* This beautiful Monument is still standing in good preservation near the Village of Usterspach. The inscription however is quite effaced.

it was not yet the proper Time to proceed with it. Then he said: If it were so it would be a Pity to put off returning Thanks. He advised me, therefore, to let the Knight know that he might come and see me, and then I could ask him what he wished as a proof of my Thankfulness, and that I ought to do whatever he required of me, for I was deeply indebted to him, and he had no doubt that if the Knight desired our Betrothal, and if I were willing, it might be kept secret so long as I would. My Sister-in-Law said so too, and she spoke to me very pleasantly, for she can talk very well, and always makes things look as white as she wants them to, and she will not leave me in Peace, as I have often told thee. Now I should like to hear what thou hast to say about it, dear Dorothy; and I will not conceal from thee what thou must not tell to any one, that this Step will not be against my Feelings, for Sir Hans is a most excellent Man, and a stout Knight, and it was very hard for me to choose last Time between him and Sir Marquard, for I have always honored him ever since I knew him. I must own, too, that Convent Life would not altogether suit me; and I trust that my Salvation may not suffer if I remain in the World, for if it were so it would be hard on many People. I do not feel sure, however, that Sir Hans thinks about me as he once did, since I preferred another to himself, besides, I am no longer what I have been, my Fright and my Misfortunes have left little of what Men once admired. I see for myself that I am no longer beautiful. Now I must go and hear what he desires and requires as a Thank-offering, for I ought to be very grateful to him (even if he were less excellent than he is) for all the Pains and Trouble he has taken on my Account. Advise me and pray for me as I often ask thee to do. Keep well, and greet thy Husband for me, and give a Kiss to each of thy dear Children.

31.

Monday after St. John's Day.
Midsummer.

(June 24, 1419.)

THOU hast given me a Piece of Advice, dear Dorothy, that I receive from thee willingly, for I know that thou lovest me dearly, and that thou rejoicest when Things go well with me, and wast grieved when I was in Misfortune and Trouble; and I cannot but confess there is truth in the Reasons thou hast written why I ought to follow thine Advice. Now I must own to thee I have followed it al-

ready, even before it reached me, for my Brother and my Brother's Wife urged that I ought no longer to put off thanking the Ritter. For though I have done that in my Heart, and by the pressure of his Hand, I have never yet spoken to him, nor given him any Present. So I allowed him to be told by my Brother that he might come and see me, whereat he rejoiced greatly. Then for the first time I put on a handsome Dress, for I am still wearing Mourning for Sir Marquard, and my Sister-in-Law tried to persuade me that there are no Traces left of my Troubles, and that I am looking well again, only a little sadder. But all that is not True, only she flatters me. After that came in Sir Hans, most courtly and considerate, and I remained alone with him, and set Bread and Mead before him. And after I had spoken to him of ordinary Things, I said to him: That now the Time had come when I must return him hearty Thanks for the great Toil and Trouble he had taken on himself in my Behalf, and that I felt most ashamed that I had not done this before, but I had not been able to do it because of the Sickness I had just recovered from. Now, however, I earnestly wished to thank him, for I must have lost my Life and Honor had he not stood by me and delivered me. Yet I did not know in what manner best to thank him and reward him, though I had thought a great Deal about it, wherefore I should like to beg him to tell me what I could best do to thank him, as my Brother had promised for me I would do. Then answered the Knight: You must not set a false value, dear and Honored Lady, on what I have done. If I have delivered you from your Enemy and risked my Life in the Attempt, you must only think it was because I love you. Then he cried still more earnestly: That he was more anxious to win me now than he had been before my Abduction by Sir Kunz, for he now knew twice as well as he had done before what I was worth. Sir Marquard, whom I had preferred, was alive no longer—he had been most unfortunate, and well deserved the Tears that I had shed for him. He, too, had wept for him, for he had always been a good Friend to him, and if he were alive he would wish him to enjoy that Happiness of which he had deprived him. But he was dead, which gave him the Courage again to ask my Love and Favor, and, if I wished to give him a Thank-offering, my Hand was what he would beseech of me, if I thought he had deserved such a Reward. And I

must consider that if I could grant him my Love he should be the happiest Knight in all the World. I was well pleased with this Speech, and answered him: Dear Knight, your Worth and Honorable Dealings are so well known and esteemed that all Men love and honor you. I have always done so, and a Year ago I was long in doubt whether you ought not to be my choice rather than Sir Marquard (God rest his Soul), and I hardly know myself what led me to prefer him to you, for now you are far dearer to me than he ever was. But I ought to tell you—and ask you to consider it well—that I am no longer in my earliest Youth, and shall soon be growing old, because of the Griets and the Troubles I have gone through. I well know, therefore, that my Hand is not sufficiently valuable to reward and thank you. The Knight then answered me with courteous Words, and said that even if what I said had been true, and not merely an Expression of that Modesty that became me so well, he would not ask my Beauty back again, but would love me still, for that was not what he most valued; for my Goodness and my honorable Report were far dearer to him than all. And then he again besought me not to refuse him that for which he prayed. Then I said: Dear Knight, if it seems to you a fortunate Thing to be united to me, which I can hardly believe, I will own to you that on my Part I so regard it—since you love me. And, therefore, I gave him my Hand, at which he was very Happy. After a while I begged him not to tell it to anybody till I left off my Mourning for Sir Marquard, which he promised me; and in three Months the Wedding is to take place. After this was agreed upon he left me. I have spent many anxious, troubled Hours, thinking over all that has befallen me in the past three Years. My Life seems like a Dream. I was very happy once, and then I was sorely afflicted, for my Hainz died. Afterwards I grew gay again with Sir Marquard, and then I was brought into great Grief by his untimely Death. Sir Hans has delivered me out of that Trouble, and God alone now knows what is in store for me. Into His care I commit myself. I will endeavor to serve Him, to love my Child and Husband, and to do my Duties faithfully. Young as I am (I am only 25) the Bloom of my Youth is over, through what I have suffered, and I seem to myself very sad and very old. However, however old I may be, and whether happy or unhappy, I love, and ever shall love, my

Dorothy, who loves me dearly, and is glad when all goes well with me. One Thing I must beg of thee, do not tell all this to any one, and do not let thy Sister discover it, for she is a good Woman, but she cannot hold her Tongue.

32.

Sunday after St. Lawrence's Day.

(Aug. 10, 1419.)

I HAVE not written thee this long While, dear Dorothy, and it was because I had nothing to tell thee, and I am very sorry I had nothing to write about, for I know I have not written thee nearly so many Letters as I did six Months ago. Thy Sister tells me too that thou art quite sick, which makes me very sorry, and I wish with all my Heart that thou mayest get well soon as I did. I am now alone, for Sir Hans has gone to Königseck, to his Castle, to put all in Order for my Reception, for we have determined to have the Wedding take place in Augsburg among my Friends. But I am not very uneasy, and thy Sister would never persuade me now to go to a Witch: though what she said is often in my Thoughts, and I trust I have now wept sufficiently. We are to have a very quiet Wedding, and no one will be asked to it but our nearest of Kin. People are talking of our Betrothal a great deal in the Town, but nobody says any Harm of it, which makes me glad. Try and get better, dear Dorothy, and come to me if thou possibly canst, before I go further away. Do let me see thee at my Wedding.

33.

St. Giles' Day.

(Sept. 1, 1419.)

I AM very sorry thou art still not well, dear Dorothy, and that I cannot see thee here as I had hoped, for hereafter it will be harder after I go to Königseck, and that will soon be, for the Wedding will take place in Forty Days, and we shall set out soon after. Sir Hans has come back all safe from his Journey, as I hoped and desired, and we were both very happy to be together again. Everything is astir in the City, for the Dukes are expected. Tournaments and Dances are to be held, but I shall not be at any of them. There will be all the principal Citizens with their Wives and Daughters, and many Strangers from Adel, but I no longer take Pleasure in such Things. Write to me soon that thou art getting well, dear Dorothy, for thy Sickness makes me very sad. And let Sir Hans

send thee his good Wishes, though thou dost not know him. He wonders much that we can write so often, and says that he could never learn that Woman's Art.

34.

The Day after St. Andrew's Day,
(Nov. 30, 1419.) one of the Twelve Apostles.

It is very sad that thou art not yet better, and it makes me very sorry in the midst of all my Happiness that thou dost not recover. I am now Frau von Königseck, and have been so for four days. We were married by the worthy Herr Dom Decant of our Lady's Chapel, who is a near Cousin of my Husband's in St. Anthony's Chapel, which my Father founded, and where he lies buried beside my Mother.

Item: Afterwards we had a Wedding Supper, but it was all very quiet, and orderly, though we were very merry, and in good Spirits. The Town Council sent Wine both to Königseck and Schellenberg to be drunk at our Marriage. Everybody says that I am very fortunate, and I am very happy, for I love and honor Sir Hans heartily, and so I do the Frau Burggräfin his Sister, and all his Relations, who have come here for the Marriage. So we shall begin the new Year by riding from hence, trusting in the Name of God and of his Holy Saints, and I do not feel afraid this time, for I know that Sir Hans has no Enemies whatever, and that every Man loves him thoroughly; and as soon as I get to Königseck I will write to thee again. Let me know soon, however, that thou art well again, and I will pray earnestly for thee that thine Illness may not last long.

35.

The Monday after Candlemas.

(Feb. 3, 1420.)

I HOPE, dear Dorothy, that thou art well again, and hast got rid of thy Sickness, though thy Sister told me, when I took Leave of her, that thou wert not so much better as I wished and hoped. I have not been able to write thee for a long Time, for I have been so busy. I came to Königseck three Weeks since, and what with packing, and taking Leave, and unpacking, and settling things in my new Home, my time has been fully occupied. It was very hard to me to leave Augsburg and so many good Friends, and I cried a great deal when I took leave of my Kinsfolk. They too wept at parting from me, and there came into my Mind all the Misfortunes that had fallen

on me once before when I left the City, but this time I had no Sorrow nor Anxiety; I had my own Sir Hans' Love and Favor, and the Confidence I have in him made me feel strong. We did not take a large Escort with us; we felt we were safer and in less Danger if we travelled quietly, and in Four Days, for we rode slowly, we arrived safe and sound at Königseck, and my dear Child with us, who can now run about and prattle, and is very precious to me. Here I was cordially received by all Sir Hans's Kinsfolk and Neighbors, who tried to show me every Courtesy, and I hold them all in great Esteem, as honorable and worthy People, and I hope always to live on good terms with them. The Ritter's poor People and Vassals received me with great Joy. I will try to be their good Mistress. The Castle is very handsome and of great Strength. It is said it was built long ago by one Sir Cuno, who came out of Italy, from whom the Königsecks are descended; and it was called formerly Cuno's Corner or Cuno's Eck. It stands upon a Hill in a beautiful part of the Country, and is so lovely that it is a Pleasure to live here. So I am now all settled in my House, and am going to try, since I live in the Country, to forget the Town; the rather that I love my Husband, and am very happy in my Child. Sir Hans has excellent Hunting round his Castle, a Sport he enjoys very much. We have beautiful Cows in our Byre, and many Fruit trees in our Garden, and great Fish ponds. Sir Hans is a most friendly Man with all his Neighbors, and fears no Feuds against him. If ever he were attacked it would be no easy Thing to harm him, for all love and honor him. So all goes well with me, and I thank God and his Saints that I have come into a Life of Peace after having suffered so much Trouble. I am quite well, and I only wish I could hear that thou wert quite well too, for thy sickness often troubles me. So do everything thou canst to get well soon, and I will most earnestly pray for thee. Do not be surprised if thou dost not get so many Letters from me as before, for I am now further away from thee, and I have not so much Time to write, nor such ready means to send my Letters. So once again I hope that thou mayest soon get well, and it will give me great Joy to hear of thy Recovery.

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This is the last letter of the Frau von Königseck to Frau Dorothea Vetter. From other Records it has been discovered that the

latter died after a long illness, and so the Correspondence came to an end. Frau von Königseck lived to a great Age, but she had no Children by her last Marriage. After many years she became again a Widow. At her Death she was remembered as a Woman of high Reputation, and a great Benefactress to Churches in her native City. She is buried in the Chancel of the Church of the Barefooted Friars in Augsburg, by the side of her first Husband.

From Nature.

TAILS.

WHAT are tails? The question seems an almost trivial one in its simplicity. Dictionaries tell us that the word "tail" denotes certain parts of animals, and also the hindermost or lowermost portion of anything. We speak habitually of the "tail of a coat," the "tail end of a crowd," the "tail of a kite," and of "pig-tails," as well as "tails of pigs." Evidently all these appellations are in use from the perception of more or less close analogies between the various things thus spoken of and certain things which every one who speaks English must call a tail—something which is unmistakably, truly, and properly a tail.

Such a thing, for example, is the tail of a cat or of a dog.

Let us, then, examine such an object and see what a typical tail is, and afterwards compare therewith other structures more or less closely or remotely resembling it.

But in order to understand that part of a cat which is called its "tail," we must understand those other parts which are not its tail, since we can never know any one thing whatever except by knowing other things from which such one thing is distinguished. We could not know "white" if everything that we saw was always of that color.

The frame of a cat consists of a head, a trunk, limbs, and a tail.

Let us first look at its trunk. It consists of a solid fleshy wall (partly strengthened by bones—the ribs, breastbone, and backbone) containing a cavity within; this cavity within the trunk is called the body-cavity. Inside this body-cavity are a variety of parts (*viscera*), such as the heart and its great blood-vessels, the liver, etc., and the cavity is traversed by a long, much-coiled tube called the alimentary canal, *i.e.*, swallow, stomach, intestines, etc.). Passing along the upper or dorsal

side of the body is the backbone just mentioned. This consists of a complex chain of neatly articulated bones, each of which is called a *vertebra*, and the whole series of such bones form the *vertebral column*, *spine*, or *spinal column*, which are other names for the backbone. Now observe: Each vertebra of the trunk is in the form of an irregular ring. Therefore, as these rings come naturally in a series one behind the other, they together form a canal. This canal is called the *neural canal*, because it contains the central part of the nervous system, or *neural axis*, also *improperly* called the *spinal marrow*.

Thus, altogether, the cat's trunk consists of a solid case containing a body-cavity (within which lie the viscera), while the dorsal region of the case is traversed by the backbone or vertebral column, forming a canal along which runs the spinal marrow.

The neck is but the anterior prolongation of the trunk.

The cat's head is much more bony in proportion than is the trunk, and consists partly of a solid box, which holds the brain and shelters the ears and eyes, and partly of a face and jaws, which latter bound the mouth. The brain-case has a large hole behind, which matches with those which exist in each trunk vertebra, and through this hole the neural canal is continued on into the hollow of the skull, which is its expanded front end. Thus, altogether, the cat's head is in certain respects like its trunk. It is traversed by the alimentary tube, which opens at the mouth, and it has its dorsal part formed by the much-expanded neural canal (the skull-cavity) which contains the brain, or much-expanded anterior end of the neural axis.

The cat's limbs are very different in structure from the head and trunk. No body-cavity is contained in them, nor does the body-cavity of the trunk extend into any limb, nor again is any limb traversed by any part of the alimentary canal. Each limb has a solid bony support within it, but this support (the skeleton of each limb) is no part of the vertebral column, nor is it composed of any sort of vertebrae, but consists of a definite number of longer or shorter bones which are related to the support of the body or to its progression in walking, running, jumping, etc. These limb-bones do not contain any canal (as the backbone does), nor do they shelter any continuation sideways from the central part of the nervous system.

We now come to the tail, and if we

examine it, we shall see that, to a certain extent, it partakes of the natures both of the trunk and of the limbs. It is like the limbs in that it is solid, that it contains no body-cavity, and is not traversed by the alimentary canal.

It is like the trunk in that it contains a prolongation of the vertebral column, and of the neural canal. In the head, we saw that the neural canal expanded, it receives its anterior enlarged termination—the *brain*. In the tail the neural canal contracts, and soon ceases, as it incloses the progressively diminishing posterior end of the neural axis—the termination backwards of the spinal marrow.

Let us examine the bones which form the cat's tail a little closely. They are about a score in number. The first seven or eight are all in the form of rings of bone, but behind these the vertebrae become merely more or less elongated solid bony cylinders, which get gradually smaller till they become mere rudiments of vertebrae. Beneath the vertebrae run blood-vessels, and on all sides are muscles which serve to bend the tail in all directions.

Such is the structure of the tail in this animal, *its use* (or "*function*") is not very important. Cats can live very well without their tails, and the well-known Isle of Man variety—the Manx cat—has scarcely more visible tail than we have ourselves. Yet the cat's tail no doubt aids to a certain extent in maintaining the balance of the body in the animal's various motions, and especially perhaps in climbing. Everybody has noticed the lateral undulations of the end of the tail of a cat which is watching a mouse, and it is curious to note how the wagging of the tail in the cat and dog respectively, accompany very different emotions.

The gesture language of these two animals as expressed by the motion of their tails, and, indeed, by various other motions, is exceedingly different.

The structural characters which have been noticed concerning the cat's tail are substantially similar in all other beasts. In all, the tail is formed by a prolongation of the back bone (with more or less of neural canal), but has no body-cavity, and is not traversed by the alimentary canal.

But, although the essential structure in all beasts is similar, there are certain subordinate differences which merit our attention in the form of the tail in different beasts.

Dogs and cats belong to a great group of flesh-eating beasts, called, from their

predominant mode of feeding, *carnivora*. Bears, weasels, badgers, civet-cats, seals, and sea-bears, also belong to this group.

If you enter the small mammalia house you may see a beast allied to the badger and weasel, called the *kinkajou*. This animal is an inhabitant of Brazil, and its tail bears a relation to the region it inhabits.

The animal lives in trees which it roams over in search of small animals on which it preys, such as birds' eggs and bees' nests, and these nests its sharp, strong claws can tear, while it has an extremely long tongue, capable of being thrust into the cells and extracting the honey. But its tail, which is very long, is specially modified to assist it in its mode of life. The end of the tail is curled round, and is capable of strongly grasping any object about which it may be twined.

This kind of tail is called a *prehensile tail*, and acts as a fifth grasping organ, in addition to the two hands and the two feet.

It is in this prehensile character that the kinkajou's tail, as I said, bears a relation to the region it inhabits. For Brazil consists mainly of an enormously extended forest, South America presenting us with the main forest region of the world. Consequently, the animals inhabiting this region must be fitted for an exceptionally arboreal life. The primeval forest exhibits as it were a world borne aloft upon enormous pillars.

Walking in such a forest, one wanders in obscurity amongst enormous lofty trunks, at the summits of which is a mass of entangled foliage high over head, and shutting out almost completely the sun's rays from below. It is in this upper world that most of the forest animals live, and such conditions necessitate in them special modifications of structure, of one kind or another, and the prehensile character of the kinkajou's tail is one such modification. I do not mean to say that animals with prehensile tails are not found elsewhere; we shall shortly see that they are. Neither do I mean to say that this particular character is universal amongst forest-living beasts of South America. The sloths, for example, are notoriously and exclusively forest-dwellers, and they are most exceptionally modified to suit their dwelling-place; but the mode of modification by which they are suited to a forest home is of quite another kind; it is one, however, which it would be beside our purpose to enter upon to-day.

Nevertheless, this particular character of tail does crop up amongst South American beasts remarkably. Thus, for example, let us consider the great order of monkeys. Monkeys are scattered over almost all the warmest parts of the earth save the West Indies, Madagascar, New Guinea, and Australia. A great variety of species are found in Africa, India, and the Indian Archipelago, and many of them have long tails; but not one kind of monkey in Asia or Africa has a prehensile tail. In South America, however, we find apes (such as the *howling monkeys* and the *spider monkeys*) which have tails most perfectly prehensile, for they are naked beneath towards the tip, and on that account can be applied more closely and firmly to any object grasped more firmly by the tail than they could be grasped were the tail entirely hairy. The tail, indeed, is not only capable of alone supporting the weight of the body, but even of seizing a small movable object, and bringing it in as a hand would do to the mouth.

Monkeys may have long or they may have short tails, and there are some which have no visible tails at all. This is the case with the only European ape — the one which inhabits the Rock of Gibraltar. It is also the case with the gibbons, or long-armed apes (which we have had living here from time to time, and some of which are so remarkable for their powers of voice). It is also the case with the orang-outang, the chimpanzee, and gorilla, which are as devoid of tails as we are. But are they, and are *we*, really devoid of tails? Practically, of course, we are so, but nevertheless the spinal column has a rudimentary continuation formed of a few very imperfect vertebræ — not sufficiently elongated to form an external projection, so that in the human skeleton a minute tail is to be seen, though none is visible in the unmutated adult body. In the earliest stages of our existence, however, there is for a short time a real tail of considerable relative extent, but in the development of the body it becomes stationary, so as rapidly to become altogether overshadowed and hidden.

As I have said, Madagascar is not inhabited by monkeys, but it is inhabited, instead, by creatures called lemurs, with long, fox-like muzzles, of which several are now living in our monkey-house. There also there was lately living another Madagascar creature (a near ally of the lemur) called *Chierogaleus*, and some of these creatures are said to present an interesting peculiarity in the tail.

Although Madagascar is a hot country, yet some of the animals inhabiting it fall into a profound sleep, or torpor, during the dry season, just as our own hedgehog falls into a profound torpor during the winter. Now some of these little lemur-like animals, called *Chierogalei*, accumulate during a part of the year a great quantity of fat in the tail, which, in consequence, appears much swollen and enlarged. Upon this fat the animals appear to subsist during the other part of the year — not, of course, that they eat it, but that it becomes gradually absorbed, so that as the year comes round, the tail becomes as small again as it was when the fattening process began.

I have shown you how rudimentary the tail is in ourselves. There are many other animals, however, in which there is no tail. In certain bats the bones of the tail are firmly united at their hinder end with the bones of the hip-girdle or pelvis, so that at first sight there seems to be even less tail in them than in ourselves.

Very different is the condition of the tail in other bats, such as in all those which fly about in summer evenings in England.

These creatures fly by means of wings which are hands with fingers enormously long and exceedingly slender, and tied together by skin, their hands being web-fingered as a duck's foot is web-toed. But not only does this skin extend between the long fingers, it also extends from the hands to the sides of the body and legs, forming an enormous membranous wing on each side of the body.

The tail is similarly conditioned. A membrane extends inwards from the whole length of the inside of each leg, and joins the adjacent side of the tail, which is thus held in a membrane called *inter-femoral*, from its situation. In the bat the tail serves as a rudder in flying, but it also performs another function, for by the bending forwards of the tail and the inter-femoral membrane it serves as a cradle in which the infant bat is held on its first appearance in the world.

An "inter-femoral membrane" extending from the legs to the tail between them, also exists in an animal of a widely different form and nature, namely, in the seal.

The two hind legs of the seal are of no use whatever to the animal for progression on land, and the seal thus differs from the sea-bear. The hind-legs of the seal are kept extended out backwards, much in the position in which a man holds his legs when he swims. But they

act in quite a different way in swimming from the way our legs act. Being united by an inter-femoral membrane with the tail, the whole mass of the legs and tail together form a sort of fin, which strikes the water as a whole, and so propels the body of the animal along in the water.

Very different is the tail of the whale, porpoise, or such a creature as the manatee or the dugong. None of these creatures have hind-legs at all, or but the merest rudiment of such in the shape of a few very small bones buried in the flesh. On the other hand, the tail is enormous in bulk, and expands outwards on each side at its hinder end, but in this expansion there are no limb-bones whatever; it is only a cutaneous expansion. This expansion extends horizontally in these animals. Why is this?

Fishes, such as the cod, perch, salmon, shark, etc., have the ends of their tails expanded vertically, not horizontally, and it is very evident why.

Fishes swim by bending the tail from side to side and striking the water laterally, as those in any aquarium will show us. They also breathe by the water which flows over their gills.

Whales and porpoises are not fishes, but they are (as is also the manatee and the dugong) aquatic beasts, and they breathe air by lungs as other beasts do. This is the key to the difference in their tails, that is, the horizontal expansion of the hinder end. They require to bring their heads pretty often to the surface to breathe, and the horizontally expanded tail is well fitted to help them in so ascending by its downward blows.

But the tail of the whale or porpoise, strange to say, affords perhaps a partial explanation of the form of the head in these animals. For whales and porpoises are quite remarkable for the large size of their brains. Now the brain is commonly supposed — and in many cases with much reason — to be related to the powers of sensation and imagination which animals possess. Yet it is impossible to think that these marine creatures have any need for exceptionally acute or powerful minds.

But brain stuff is known to be related to motion, no less than to feeling and imagination. Unless our muscles were duly stimulated by nerves and by the brain and spinal cord, they would not act. It may well be then that these animals need all their brains to supply enough nervous energy for the incessant muscular exertion which their habit of life renders nec-

essary in the medium they inhabit. But this explanation alone will not do, for fishes have very small brains. The difference is perhaps due to the fact that whales and porpoises need to maintain a high body temperature, while fishes are cold-blooded and brain stuff is needed to maintain bodily heat no less than for sensation and motion. The tails of beasts are generally like their bodies, covered with hair. The rat and mouse and certain opossums offer exceptions in their naked, scaly-looking tails.

One animal from Africa, a creature much like a flying squirrel (*Anomalurus*) presents (as its name implies) a very exceptional condition of tail. It is really scaly in part, for underneath it, at a little distance from its root, it is furnished with horny, overlapping scales. Such scales are yet more developed in another beast — the manis or pangolin — but then in this latter animal the whole body and limbs are thus invested and not part of the tail only.

The animal renowned for its curious naked tail — flattened out like a trowel — is the beaver. As to the use of this animal's tail our experienced superintendent, Mr. Bartlett (who is so acute and accurate an observer of animals' habits) assures me that he has often watched beavers when at work building with mud in snow, but in no instance has he seen them make use of the tail as a trowel as has so often been alleged. But the beaver has great power in its tail, not only as an organ used in swimming but as a means of sounding an alarm to its comrades. On the approach of an enemy the beaver strikes the surface of the water with its flat tail with such force that it can be heard, on a still night, half a mile off. Upon hearing this signal all the beavers in the neighborhood quickly dive under the water.

The beavers which still linger in European rivers have now ceased to construct dams as do their American fellows. It is an interesting fact, however, that they still retained this habit in Europe down to the time of Albertus Magnus, who of course knew nothing of the habits of the beavers of the then undiscovered America.

In the Zoological Gardens are creatures which are provided with exceptionally powerfully tails — for land animals — I mean the kangaroos. These creatures make use of their tails not only sometimes to carry grass, and to a certain extent in their long jumps, but constantly when sitting with the fore part of the body raised, and in this position they often raise them-

selves high up on their extended hind legs and on their tail as on a strong tripod, at which time they have a most comic appearance.

And this brings me to speak of another matter. As I have said the sloths are fitted to live in trees not by any peculiar development of tail, but in other ways. Certain gigantic extinct allies of sloths, however, were fitted for a forest life and to live entirely on the foliage of trees by their tails. Such extinct beasts were the *mylodon* and *megatherium*, creatures equalling or exceeding the rhinoceros in bulk.

The modification of tail specially adapted for forest life with which we have as yet met, has been a *prehensile tail*. This we have seen in the kinkajou and in howling and spider monkeys. Many other beasts, however, of very different kinds are provided with prehensile tails.

Amongst others may be mentioned tree-porcupines, certain opossums, and a small ant-eater. All these animals live on trees. But the *mylodon* and *megatherium* — though forest animals living in all probability exclusively on the foliage of trees, were far too bulky to climb them, or to be supported by their branches. They appear to have fed thus: raising themselves on their hind legs and tail (as on a tripod — like the kangaroos) they embraced trees with their powerful arms, and swaying them to and fro, gradually prostrated them in order to feed upon their leaves. It has been objected to this view of their probable habits, that if they acted in this way they must often get their heads broken. Well, strange to say, the heads of some fossils *have* had their heads broken and healed again, and their skull was specially constructed so as to obviate to a considerable extent the danger of fatal consequences ensuing from accidents of that kind.

The tails of some beasts are, as I have said, exceptionally naked. The tails of others, however, are exceptionally hairy. Such is the case with the horse, which is called "long-tailed" when the tail is adorned with a clothing of very long hairs.

From The Spectator.

IS WEALTH A HELP TO POPULARITY?

A GOOD many observers believe, and shrewd men of the world are among them, that one of the dangers of the present

French republic is the personal simplicity of the president's mode of life. M. Grévy is the first genuinely republican head of the State that France has ever known — for Thiers, though bourgeois by birth, was by training monarchist — and it is his fancy or his policy in that position to set an example of simplicity, to live as he likes to live and has always lived, and to avoid all ostentatious expense or visible stateliness. He is first magistrate of the republic, but a citizen, too. He receives just as he did when president of the Chamber, dresses like an ordinary professional man, carefully avoiding the uniforms to which he would be entitled, both by precedent, for Louis Napoleon wore them as president, and by his legal position as commander-in-chief. He drives out without any of the fanfare which always accompanied the emperor, and even Marshal MacMahon; avoids liveries for his servants, and keeps his own country-house in the Jura among old friends and kinsfolk on its usual footing, that of an English manor-house or grange of the second class. Outside Paris he is a squire, and nothing more. When he visits his home he travels like any other gentleman, without a special compartment in the train, and takes his ticket himself, buys his own newspaper, and seats himself wherever he finds room. He is even accused of waiting his turn for his own dividends, standing *en queue* for a long time, instead of sending a servant to perform that very disagreeable duty, and though the accusation is probably false, nobody finds it improbable or ridiculous. Old courtiers, however, shake their heads, and doubt if all that plainness does not diminish the dignity of his office, and visitors hungering for the ceremonials of a court loudly aver that such a mode of life makes the republic seem too drab-colored, while more impartial observers believe it will diminish the popularity of the presidency with the mass. The *Standard* of Tuesday, for example, though not attacking the president — rather, in fact, defending him, as a man entirely without affectation — lays it down as a proposition that the majority of men like to see great expense and show, and visible proof of wealth in high places; next to spending money, it says, people like to see it spent. The populace revel, it says, "in the mere apparatus and demonstration of opulence," and may end by despising and disliking M. Grévy for his frugality and modesty.

The *Standard's* opinion is one which

is almost universal in England, so general that it has a distinct effect upon the social habits of candidates for power, and has been repeatedly produced in the House of Commons,—once, for example, by Lord John Russell,—as a final argument for large salaries, and yet it may be doubted if it rests upon any solid foundation whatever. It is an opinion based on an upper-class idea of what people would like, not upon evidence of what they do like. The mass of mankind no doubt enjoy show, and the mass of Englishmen appreciate extravagant expense; while the rich in all countries probably slightly condemn those who are not rich, not so much from purse-pride or vulgarity, as from the usual feeling which those who possess any very useful faculty or power entertain for those without it. Men who are musical slightly despise those who are not, quick men fret under slow men, tall men look down on short men, and men with keen brains always forget that the stupid are, after all, as the Arab says, “works of God.” Money is power, and the rich enjoy it, as, strange to say, the long-sighted enjoy their superiority over their friends with deficient length of vision. But neither the rich nor the people who like expense are the community. We should admit that the rich liked a chief of the State to be rich, just as the cultivated would prefer him to be cultivated, but we doubt if that is the feeling of the body of any people. On the contrary, we question if they do not prefer him not to be divided too far from them by wealth; if a sense that he has, as they say, a fellow-feeling with them is not a source of far deeper popularity. The poor—and the body of all populations are poor in their own eyes—exaggerate the separating influence of wealth, and even when they are not envious of the things it will buy, believe in its hardening effect upon the sympathies. So strongly is this impulse felt in the United States, that wealth is held to be a drawback in a candidate for the presidency by acute wire-pullers, and that Lincoln, then a lawyer, was described everywhere by his friends, during his election, as a rail-splitter, his former occupation being rightly regarded as much more likely to attract. And when he had become such a favorite of the people that a third term of the presidency seemed for him a possibility, stories of his rough simplicity of manners were as popular as stories showing his readiness in repartee. No anecdote did him more good than that of his

stepping in on an old friend uninvited one day, and explaining, “With Mrs. Lincoln away, I’m kinder browsin’.” Old “Tippecanoe,” General Harrison, was elected because of his roughness; and Horace Greeley’s best hope lay in the farmer-like simplicity of his home-life, which his admirers were never tired of describing. It may be said that this feeling was specially American, and peculiar to a rural democracy; but France, in the last resort, is governed by a rural democracy, too; and in England, where every one has power except the rural democracy, the charm of simplicity is just as powerfully felt. George III. beat the Whig oligarchs, with all their splendor, as “Farmer George,” who ate mutton and turnips for dinner; and Pitt, who never had a penny, had far more of the confidence of the people than any duke. George IV., most expensive of mankind, was loathed. Nor is there the slightest evidence that the public taste has changed since George III. The two public men of our day with most influence over the people—Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield—are both comparatively poor men, leading simple lives, and utterly careless of that “visible opulence” which is supposed so greatly to impress the multitude. The queen keeps less state than half her nobles, and what little she does keep is not visible, and she is revered, by comparison with her Hanoverian predecessors, to adoration. In France, neither M. Grévy’s nor M. Gambetta’s plainness of life has in the least checked his rise; nor did the body of the people care one straw whether M. Thiers was or was not a rich man. In Switzerland, as the *Standard* itself confesses, opinion for centuries has enforced simplicity of life,—and Swiss opinion is the opinion to which France always tends. In Germany, careers have been so confined to sovereigns and the well-born that it is difficult to form a judgment, but the marked economy and even meanness of the Hohenzollern dynasty have never diminished loyalty, and nowhere are officials so poor, or so deeply respected. Among the splendor-loving Hungarians, the most successful of leaders, Deak, lived on a second-floor flat; and in Italy, Garibaldi lives the life of a little farmer, and is so worshipped that his every movement makes the throne rock. We see no evidence whatever that popularity depends in any degree upon either expense or magnificence, or that the people have any such liking, as the *Standard* believes, for the mere “demon-

stration and apparatus of opulence;" or that "spending is the one thing that makes a man not only powerful, but interesting." The people like to see the result of spending, no doubt, as they like to see any other show, but they no more credit the spending to the spender than they credit a good play to the lessee of a theatre. "Sustained stateliness" of life, as Mr. Disraeli describes it, attracts, no doubt, a small society, in the eyes of which it forms an ideal, and which thinks its own rank enhanced by the display of men who belong to it, but sustained wealth has little attraction for the body of the commonalty. The very rich on the Continent rarely or never come to the top, and in this country, though the Duke of Westminster would make a very fair English president, how many votes would he get?

Nor is it wonderful that it should be so. The body of a people, be it never so liable to be impressed by opulence and magnificence and display, very rarely has an opportunity of seeing such things, and when it has, feels more of a vulgar awe of their possessor than of the sympathy which elicits political support. It admires liveries, without at all liking or reverencing footmen. The mere report of splendor does not attract half as much as the report of great deeds, or great qualities, or great intentions. On the contrary, with an exception in favor of the grand entertainment of foreign visitors, it dismays,—severs the people from the man who so exults in it. The body of the people, conscious always of pressing

cares, timid always as to the extent those cares will reach, and unable to divest itself of the notion that the rulers of the State could diminish those cares if they would, long for evidence that their chiefs are of their own flesh and blood, are so far like themselves in condition, and circumstances, and fate, that they can at all events feel for them and with them in matters of common concern. They do not detest splendor, if they discover other recommendations, but they do not care for it alone. It is usual to say Napoleon's personal wastefulness was part of his power, but where is the evidence of the assertion? The people did not mind it, but they would have supported him just as readily had he been simple, and always told stories both of him and his uncle as if they had been. It is not of Napoleon the emperor in his robes that the Bonapartist peasant thinks, but of Napoleon in his grey riding-coat, the "Little Corporal," who took the tricolor round the world. Eastern men do not reverence Haroun-al-Rasheed half as much as Omar, and Western men do not worship Queen Victoria opening Parliament, but her Majesty as an elderly woman of the simplest aspect, in a widow's cap. Humanity is base enough, in all conscience, as witness the honors paid to Lord Beaconsfield, but it does not care much about "the mere apparatus and demonstration of opulence." It is very often wrong about an author's or an orator's merit, but it does not care more for him because he is possessed of superfluous cash.

POSITIVISM.—The 5th September, being the anniversary of the death of Auguste Comte, the founder of Positivism, a service was held at the Positivist Chapel, Lamb's Conduit Passage, Holborn, when an address was delivered by Dr. Richard Congreve. The attendance was not quite so large as on previous occasions, which was probably due to the dissatisfaction caused among a section of the London Positivists at an attempt made long since to introduce a liturgy into the Positivist service. In his address Dr. Congreve dwelt on the nature of Positivism, which, he said, although not making many converts now, was yet destined to become universally accepted at a later period of our civilization. He maintained that Positivism was essentially a devotional religion, because it inculcated religious culture apart from morality or right action. The new religion appealed, not to the intel-

lect, but to the heart and feelings. It was pre-eminently the religion of women, because it was based on tenderness and sympathy. For this reason Comte had been justly called "the sympathetic philosopher." As a proof that Comte was in accord with such of his predecessors as had insisted on the necessity of religious culture, he pointed to the fact that the founder of Positivism recommended above all things that his followers should study the "Imitation" of Thomas à Kempis, a work the spirit of which was self-discipline. Having read some extracts from the works of Comte explanatory of Positivism, Dr. Congreve concluded by inviting his audience to a mental act of communion with the spirit of the illustrious founder of the religion of humanity. This was followed by the blessing, given according to the Positivist formula, and the service terminated.